

The Nation

VOL. VI, No. 12.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1909.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 1d. Abroad, 1d.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

On Friday week the Prime Minister delivered, to an enormous gathering in the Albert Hall, representing the flower of working Liberalism all over the country, a bold, explicit, and deeply impressive statement of the party's unalterable policy on the veto. Declaring that at the last dissolution the Liberal Government reckoned without their host, and that they would never make that mistake again, he described their "single task" to be to " vindicate and to establish upon an unshakable foundation the principle of representative government." He proceeded to make two incidental declarations on women's suffrage and Home Rule. The first question he opened to the full view of the new Parliament, saying that the Government had no desire to Burke it, and repeating his offer to make a suffrage amendment to a Reform Bill an "open question." On Home Rule he went further still, stating that the only remedy for Irish discontent was "a system of full self-government," subject to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament, and adding that the coming House would have full liberty to apply it.

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MR. ASQUITH then returned to the question of the Lords. He defined the claims of the Peers to be, first, to control the levying of taxation; secondly, to compel a dissolution of the Commons; and, thirdly, to make and unmake the Executive Government. All these "revolutionary pretensions" the Government would withstand. They would, therefore, ask the electorate to place on the Statute-book a law forbidding the Lords to "meddle, in any way, to any degree, or for any purpose, with our national finance," and, secondly, the time for "unwritten conventions" having gone by, to decree that the absolute veto should go. The House of Commons must have the power not only of debating but of making laws, and the

will of the people must prevail within the limits of a single Parliament.

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Of equal importance was the Prime Minister's statement of the general line of Liberal action and strategy after winning the General Election. The audience were roused to a great state of enthusiasm when he declared that neither he nor any other Liberal Minister would again submit to the rebuffs and humiliations of the last four years. He added these momentous words: "We shall not assume office, and we shall not hold office, unless we can secure safeguards which experience shows to be necessary for the legislative utility and honor of the party of progress." On these inevitable lines, therefore, the Liberal Party takes its stand. For the rest, Mr. Asquith declared for Second Chamber Government and for Shorter Parliaments, using language which, thirty years ago, every Constitutional would endorse, and which is, in fact, embodied in all our constitutional manuals. He defined the proper powers of the Lords as those of "revision," "amendment," "fuller deliberation," and, subject to safeguards, "delay." This, in fact, establishes the subordination of the non-representative to the representative principle, which, unless Great Britain is to be plunged into revolution, must be the form of its future government.

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On Saturday, Mr. Balfour issued, in the form of an Election Address to the City of London, a long "manifesto" which, as Mr. Churchill wittily said, manifests nothing. In a languid and interminable essay, occupying the best part of three columns of the "Times," the Tory leader devotes just fourteen lines to the exposition, if that be a fitting word, of "Tariff Reform," which he conventionally describes as the first plank in his platform. This makes about a thirtieth of his address; the other twenty-nine thirtieths he divides among a defence of the Lords, an attack on the House of Commons, and a labored hint at the policy of landownership. He accuses the Liberal Party of what he calls a "long-drawn conspiracy" to pass their own bills, and to bring about a second "single-Chamber plot" by discrediting the House which rejected them. While admitting that the House of Lords is improvable, he affirms its constitutional right to "appeal" to the people on finance, and suggests that it is enough for the representative Assembly to determine the political complexion of the Government, to control the estimates, to initiate taxation, and to dominate legislation. It will be observed that under the claim of the Lords not one of these powers remains intact or effective. Mr. Balfour hints obscurely at some change in the Poor Law, but whether in the direction of the Majority or the Minority report of the Commission he does not say. On Tariff Reform he suggests vaguely that it may help us to protect markets, modify commercial treaties, obtain Colonial preferences, and increase the demand for labor. On other aspects of Tariff Reform, he concludes, "I will here say nothing."

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On Thursday Mr. Lloyd George addressed a powerful and thoroughly representative gathering of Free

Churchmen in Queen's Hall on the special issues of the election in which Nonconformists are interested. Replying to Lord Curzon's quotation of Renan that civilisation depended on aristocracy, Mr. George suggested that the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth might have had more to do with it. He recalled the great political act of the Puritans which made our first English Revolution—an act, due, as the Chancellor said, to a grievance on Supply. The House of Lords was hostile on all Nonconformist questions: not one Bill in which Nonconformists were directly interested had it ever favored. It was a vital question for the Church whether she or the drink trade was to be the stronger social and political force; if the condition of the people in its least hopeful aspects were unrelieved, the responsibility would lie on her altars and on the heads of those who bowed before them.—On the same day Mr. Chamberlain issued a kind of manifesto, in the shape of a preface to a book of Mr. Garvin's, in which he tries to do for Tariff Reform what Mr. Balfour declines to do. He suggests it as "the only alternative to the Budget," and declares that the Liberal policy virtually abolishes the Second Chamber, "in disregard of the experience of our own flesh and blood."

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WE cannot chronicle all the election speeches, though we advise men to read the moderate and searching series of addresses which Sir Edward Grey has addressed to his constituency, in Scotland and in the North of England. On the Opposition side, the wild Peers have been let loose for their promised campaign, and they are likely to supply the comic relief of this grave election. Some, like Lord Harris and Lord Kesteven, fail to get a hearing, and others, like Lord Newton, defend an ideal House of Lords by declaring that the present body is indefensible. The most pertinent of interruptions appears to have been addressed to Lord Donoughmore, who, like other enemies of the Budget, talks, not of the land taxes which he hates, but of the tobacco tax, which he thinks the people hate. To his attack on the tobacco tax, a voice replied, "We don't mind a bit extra, if you pay your share." This appears to us to condense the popular and thoroughly truthful view of the Budget.

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THE only intellectual defence of the Peers has been made by Lord Curzon, whose speech at Oldham will certainly be the main text of the Liberal attack. It was an out-and-out defence of the hereditary principle, which, said Lord Curzon, was "familiar and acceptable" in every branch and aspect of our life. He argued that the House of Lords was not only equal to the House of Commons, but morally, intellectually, and constitutionally superior to it. The House of Commons was "subject to great changes," "gusts of passion swept over it," and the electors, after all, only amounted to seven and a-half millions of people. Meanwhile, the House of Lords represented the "steady, immutable, stable factor" in the national sentiment and national judgment. It represented the national life "from generation to generation," it was neither "driven by caucuses," nor "bound by pledges." True, it contained no workmen, but it was full of generals, field marshals, and governors, and it was cant of the Liberals to call it our "effete oligarchy," as since 1830 they had created more Peers than the Tories. If the Liberals carried their plans, the teeth of the Lords would be drawn. "We can then," says Lord Curzon, "only nibble at the legislation of the future with our toothless gums." This is precisely the table which the Peers have spread for themselves.

THE electoral campaign continues to go magnificently for the House of Commons. Mr. Redmond has issued a Manifesto in favor of the Government, and some of the three-cornered contests between Liberal and Labor candidates, such as those in Leeds and in South Wales, have been averted, largely by the pressure of the leaders of the Labor Party. The chief source of trouble remains in the North-east corner of England, and in the West of Scotland, where the claims of the miners have yet to be adjusted to those of the Liberal candidates. One or two transactions in the way of exchange of seats would settle most of these difficulties, and we cannot help thinking that, if the local Liberals would appoint, say, the Chancellor of the Exchequer as an arbitrator, a settlement could be arrived at, which, even with their fixed and tight-bound constitution, the Labor Party might accept. The general reports are splendid, especially from the North, where Liberals talk not only of holding seats but of winning them.

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KING LEOPOLD THE SECOND OF BELGIUM died on Thursday night, aged seventy-four, under circumstances not more scandalous than his life. It is hard to speak of a man as destitute of virtue, but King Leopold's character was singularly remote even from the amiability which is supposed to soften vice. Intellectually he was not to be despised. He inherited his father's masterful temper, and he had qualities which would have made him a millionaire even if he had not also been a monarch. Speculator and gambler as he was, he invested with great shrewdness, especially when he dealt in flesh and blood. His family life was not less odious than his public acts. The story of the Congo State stamped the one, all Europe was a witness of the harshness and licence of the other. History has known no more tragic comedy than his appointment as the mandatory of Europe for the development of civilisation on the Congo, and the later efforts of Europe to save the Congo from her *mandataire*. Such a career could only be described adequately out of the pages of Gibbon or Tacitus. But it ended in the peace which a calculating brain secured, as well as in a mixed atmosphere of avarice and splendor. Few worse men ever wore a crown; many better, even in our own time, lost it in exile or at the hand of the assassin.

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THE new German Chancellor has made his *début* with a very quiet and sensible speech in the Reichstag which has already produced the happiest impression abroad. His references to Franco-German economic co-operation in Morocco have been very well received in Paris, and to Alsace he has promised certain concessions. That is an appeal not merely to the pockets of French financiers, but directly to French sentiment. His approach to ourselves was so frank and handsome that only our absorption in a constitutional crisis can excuse the scant notice it has received. He desires, he states, a *rapprochement* with Great Britain, which could best be brought about by a solution of pending questions. This is, we presume, a reply, and a most satisfactory reply, to the single pregnant sentence in Mr. Asquith's Guildhall speech. The hint has been accepted and followed up by a public invitation. To the nature and subject of the proposed negotiations no clue is yet given. There have been negotiations about the Congo and Central Africa. It is now known that Sir Ernest Cassel is in Berlin to resume the discussion of Anglo-German co-operation in the Bagdad railway which Mr. Balfour dropped. Any beginning is good, and we have always held that the Bagdad railway was a particularly suitable

ground for common action. The negotiations can hardly even begin without checking the worst tendencies of the naval rivalry, nor go far without producing the temper in which an arrangement may become possible.

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THE third of the three great treason trials in which the Serb race has stood accused of more or less disgraceful conspiracy has passed through several dramatic moments during the week. There was no justice to be had or hoped for at Cettigne or Agram, but at Vienna the procedure is scrupulous and the jury may be fair. Professor Friedjung, one of the foremost historians and stylists who use the German tongue, came forward during the late Balkan crisis as an academic exponent of Baron von Aerenthal's policy. He accused Servia of engineering a vast plot against Austria chiefly among the Serbs and Croats of Croatia. With the editor of the "Reichspost" he published a series of documents which purported to be minutes of the secret meetings of the "Slovensky Jug," a Pan-Serb organisation, originally composed of students, which had its centre, ostensibly for literary work, in Belgrade. If the documents were genuine they would have convicted the leaders of the Croatians of complicity in a dangerous plot for a general rising, and incidentally of accepting bribes and subsidies from Belgrade. Other documents, if genuine, must have been stolen from the Servian official correspondence.

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THE course of this trial, in which the Serbo-Croatian leaders sue Dr. Friedjung for libel, so far goes to suggest that the whole conspiracy rests on elaborate forgery. The originals of the documents cannot be produced nor the man who divulged them traced. They are signed by a Belgrade Professor Markovitch. He has put himself voluntarily in the lion's mouth, and brought forward an *alibi* to the effect that at the time when he was said to have presided over these plotters' meetings in Belgrade, he was really at an academic conference among German professors in Charlottenburg. If enquiry corroborates this statement—and it is so detailed that one cannot doubt it—the whole basis of Dr. Friedjung's exposure of Servian policy is destroyed. An ugly episode was caused by the statement under oath of an ex-official, Baron Chlumecky, that he had himself repeatedly bribed M. Supilo, the Croatian Parliamentary leader, in such grotesquely small sums as ten florins at a time. M. Supilo's followers stand by him staunchly, and this accusation like the rest may ultimately recoil on those who made it. The whole atmosphere of intrigue is fetid. But at present the Austrian secret police fares worse than the Servian "plotters."

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EVENTS move slowly in the Nicaraguan crisis. But clearly Mr. Taft is anxious to impress on his party that if his administration is likely to be tame at home it will be enterprising abroad. In an address on a ceremonial occasion he boldly declared that Washington's doctrines of foreign policy are obsolete. They didn't know everything down in Judee. "Now we are a nation with tremendous power and wealth." The power is to be used, as commonly happens in this world, to increase the wealth. There are signs that a decision to smash President Zelaya has been taken. He has given no fresh cause of offence; no more American "volunteers" have tried to blow up his transports. His new crime is success. There is no longer much doubt that if left to himself he will soon crush his rival, General Estrada, the American protégé.

THE Ottoman Chamber has passed this week through a peculiar and rather mysterious crisis, on which we hesitate to pronounce a judgment without knowing exactly what passed in the secrecy of lobbies and ante-rooms. Hilmi Pasha's Government had granted a concession to the venerable and powerful English Lynch Steamship Company, which allows it to absorb the Imperial Hamidieh Line, thus securing an effective, if not a legal, monopoly of the navigation of the Tigris and Euphrates. To the general surprise, this action was challenged by Halil Bey, the leader of the Committee majority in the House, on the ground that such concessions ought to be submitted for ratification to the Chamber. The principle seems entirely proper, and corresponds to our own practice in regard to railway amalgamations. Indeed, if the Government is to be irresponsible in granting such considerable concessions as this, a safeguard has been removed against a return to the jobbery of the past. Halil Bey carried his motion, but, despite his explanation that it was not intended to be a vote of no confidence, Hilmi Pasha, and later Djavid Bey, the Minister of Commerce (the latter one of the founders of the Committee), took a defiant line, told the House there was no time for such details, and bade it look for other Ministers if it insisted on this prerogative.

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THE result was that Halil Bey proposed a fresh discussion of the question, and adjourned the debate, himself coming forward to propose a new motion on Monday to the effect that the fusion was desirable, and that such matters should be left to the Executive alone when no financial liability was involved. This second motion was carried with practical unanimity. We do not know whether to rejoice that Turkey has a strong Ministry or to regret that it has a weak Chamber. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to note that twenty-six Moslems have at last been hanged for their share in the massacre of Adana, though few, if any, of them, we fear, were persons of real importance. It would have been better to hang two or three high officials than a score of their ignorant dupes.

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WE much regret to read of the death of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, an event which leaves Lord Morley the only living representative of the great journalism of the 'sixties and 'seventies. Mr. Greenwood was truly described by George Meredith as having "a statesman's head," a large, sagacious, and well-tempered view of political and national life. His style was a model of firmness, strength, and good balance; neither cold nor hysterical. His Conservatism was Imperialist in tone, and strongly influenced by his personal tie with Disraeli and his revulsion from Gladstonian ideals. But it was not extravagant; the "Pall Mall Gazette" under his editorship was a great organ of widely-held opinion. Mr. Greenwood held aloof, in stern contempt, from the later developments of Mr. Balfour's sham leadership of Toryism, and Mr. Chamberlain's real control of it.—We may, without offence, join an expression of regret at Mr. Greenwood's death with a word of congratulation to Mr. Herbert Paul on his appointment as second Civil Service Commissioner. Mr. Paul, coming later than Mr. Greenwood's day, fitly carried on his tradition of scholarly writing, and sincere and consistently brilliant advocacy of a political faith. No man ever left Fleet Street with a more stainless record; or joined to continuous and arduous journalism an undiminished capacity for the most finished kind of literary and historical criticism.

Politics and Affairs.

THE MASSING OF THE GRAND ARMY.

WE rejoice to think that the massing of the Grand Army of Democracy, which alone can meet and beat the assault of the House of Lords on representative government, is to-day almost complete. The Nonconformists, obeying a call to action closely resembling that which first brought Puritanism into the field, have come into line as one man. The Irish Democracy, with Home Rule restored to its rightful place on the Liberal banners, has followed suit. The chiefs of the Labor Party, with a less closely disciplined following, are busily organising their ranks, so that this auxiliary force may bring its utmost power to bear upon the common enemy. On this point, the only difficult one in the situation, we should like our leaders to turn their attention to their own party, and we suggest that they could not follow a better model than that of the Liberal Two Hundred of Norwich. At a recent meeting of this body, it was unanimously decided to run only one Liberal candidate, and to leave the second seat to Labor. Now, in Norwich, as elsewhere, there have been acute, even bitter, conflicts between the Liberal and Labor parties. It was decided to put them absolutely aside, and to treat the Labor candidate as a comrade-in-arms in the battle for British liberties. This advice was tendered by the Liberal candidate, by all the party leaders, by the chief Nonconformist Minister, the veteran Dr. Barrett, and by Professor Stuart, the managing director of the great firm of Colman's. Not a voice or a hand was lifted against it. Liberal votes were asked for Mr. Roberts, the Labor member, as freely as for Sir Frederick Low, the Liberal candidate. We recognise that all questions of the choice of candidates and the distribution of seats between Liberalism and Labor are not as simple as those which present themselves in the two-member constituencies, and that here and there both personal and party claims may not be easy to settle. But we confess that as the Norwich example presents the high-water mark of politic good sense and local statesmanship, that of the Gateshead Liberals seems to us to exhibit the least rational standard. In this case, Mr. Johnson has of late become a Labor instead of a Liberal candidate. He is known to all men as of moderate opinions, which cannot be supposed to have changed on four-fifths or nine-tenths of the Liberal programme. Yet the Liberals who voted for him four years ago are now, in presence of the most urgent impulse to unity, disowning this excellent House of Commons' candidate and setting up a rival who can only give the seat away to the champion of the House of Lords. It seems to us that such self-defeating action must disappear as soon as the full current of sympathy and co-operation is set flowing, and both sides recognise, as the Reformers of 1832 and the French Republicans of 1877 recognised, the presence of a supreme necessity. On the issue of this fight hangs the fate of representative democracy, first in this country and then all over Europe. If the House of Commons goes down, there is an end not only of Free Trade and of democratic finance, but of those elementary

powers that every constitutional writer who set pen to paper has recognised as the inalienable birthright of our people. With the loss of the power of the purse, all goes. Every Progressive Ministry is doomed from its birth—intimidated in its first hour, craftily watched till its popularity begins to fail, never sure of passing a single Bill or Budget, or daring to go beyond a paltry juggling with taxes on approved Conservative lines, and finally sent hurtling to a dissolution whenever "society" thinks it can resume the overt direction of Great Britain. This and no other is the prize for which the Lords have staked their existence; seeking to "refer" one Budget, in the hope of destroying all Budgets, and of catching the people in the pleasant lure of a *plébiscite*, in order to bind them fast with the chains forged by rank and power.

Now, this is not merely the character and meaning which Liberals assign to the struggle; it is that assumed by Lord Curzon, the true leader, with Lord Milner, of the Lords' *coup d'état*. Lord Curzon goes down to Lancashire to ask the people who, on an historic occasion, established one of the proudest pleas for representative democracy ever recorded, to lay their freedom at the feet of the hereditary peers. When nine out of ten, or, perhaps, nineteen out of twenty, of Lord Curzon's class hailed the birth of a Slave State, working-class Lancashire, which lived on the cotton of the South, declared for a free and a united America. Lord Curzon does not trust this impulsive type of politician. He waves aside the paltry "seven and a-half million" voters—Tories, Liberals, and Labor men—who once in five or six years obtrude their misguided wills on the "steady, immutable, stable factor" that "from generation to generation" saves this favored people from itself. He opposes to the masses—susceptible as they are to emotion, sympathy, the love of change, in a word, to all that makes men brothers and citizens of a living community—an appointed order of super-men. These demi-gods are not "threatened by gusts." Their Olympian calm is not "pestered by crochet-mongers"—(Curzonese for reformers). Best of all they are not "bound to pledges," for they are responsible to themselves alone. Mentally comparing these imperturbable beings with their own "violent oscillations" and heady "gusts of passion" the common herd of men must sink to rest, owning their masters—the unfettered, uncaucussed, stern, strong *élite* of the land.

Now, it is not necessary to deal with Lord Curzon's argument. This appears to be that because some sons—a very few—inherit their fathers' talent for public life, therefore all peers' sons inherit the capacity to make laws for us, descending, we suppose, in unbroken line through an ancestor's original gift either for making laws or for breaking the Commandments. But the point is that we have here proclaimed, without equivocation or limit, the doctrine of the subordination of the House of Commons to the House of Lords. Such a doctrine is an insolent attack on the whole body of voters, Conservative no less than Liberal, and therefore calls for the exclusion from the House of Commons of every candidate at this election who joins Lord Curzon's conspiracy against it. There is an avowed attempt to crush Free Trade, to force Protection on the people through the refusal of the

Lords to pass the fixed and only alternative to food taxes, and to create a high Imperial Senate, fortified by fresh accessions from the ranks of the rich and the powerful, especially of men whose experience of government has been gained in the unfree parts of the Empire. Lord Curzon admitted that the House of Lords contained no representatives of hand labor. He might have added that it included no champion of Nonconformity and no spokesman of the middle-classes. But he comforted himself with the thought that it had plenty of generals, field-marshals, and proconsuls. Now, to put such a House in command of the Commons, even on taxes, is no less a revolution than Charles I. contemplated, and like its spiritual ancestor it can only succeed at the cost of civil war. Its complete defeat in its early stages is, therefore, an object of high policy, equally desirable in the interests of the Crown, the Commons, and the people. But that defeat can only be obtained by extraordinary exertions, by the intelligent concentration of all friends of democracy on a common purpose, and by the unselfishness, the loyalty, and, if necessary, the temporary effacement of men on whom personal ambition makes a less urgent call than public need. If to-day party spirit knocks too loudly at the bosoms of Liberals or Labor men, remorse will knock louder still if by their act the House of Lords gets a single seat that can be saved from it. If our enemies count on Democracy being a weak, venal, dim-sighted thing, easily over-borne by the shallow cajolery of men like Lord Curzon, who serve up their hatred of the people without even troubling to add the accustomed sauce of flattery, our interest is urgent in claiming for the great principle of representative government all the moral and material power which we firmly attach to it.

REDRESS BEFORE SUPPLY.

UNIONIST papers have already begun to discount the victory of the Commons at the polls, and to advance arguments to justify the Lords in disregarding it. They assume that the verdict will be taken on the issue as defined by the Lords, that is, on the Budget; not as defined by the Commons, that is, on the veto, financial and legislative. They then conceive that the Lords will dutifully accept the verdict, pass the Budget, and settle down comfortably to the work of blocking all further Liberal legislation, and claiming at their leisure the dissolution of the coming Parliament. If the House of Commons should prove unexpectedly restive, and should seek to carry out the mandate of the electors by insisting on an anti-Veto Bill, they still have sanguine expectations of the result. The Commons' majority over the Lords' men is to be too small to carry through a great constitutional change. The Lords will throw out the Bill, the Commons will have no means of enforcing it, a second dissolution will be necessary, and the constituencies, wearied of the struggle, will return a majority for the Lords and for Tariff Reform. It is a pretty programme for the Peers, based on the assumption of hopeless irresolution and impotence on the part of the Commons and their leaders. We should have

thought that Mr. Asquith's speech would have sufficiently shown that the enemy was not to reckon so confidently on these valuable aids. Mr. Asquith, who is nothing if not lucid, has made two points clear to the dullest apprehension. The first is that the Commons will deal with the questions both of the legislative and the financial veto by Act of Parliament. The second is that he and his colleagues are agreed to decline office unless they are assured of the means of giving effect to the will of the Commons. The question asked the electors is whether they agree to this programme, and if the House of Commons' party obtains a majority, be it small or great, it will be a majority in answer to that question, and yielding a mandate for the necessary constitutional change. Nor, we think, will the House of Lords have the opportunity of escaping the issue which they have raised by hurriedly passing the Budget into law. It is a time-honored maxim of the House of Commons that redress of grievances must precede supply. The present grievance is the constitutional usurpation of the House of Lords, and it follows that the measure for the restriction of the veto must be presented and passed before the Finance Bill becomes law. Finance has been, and still is, the lever by which the Commons maintains its right, and we hope, for our part, that not a penny of money will be voted until the historic right of the Commons over finance is legally assured, and along with it the reduction of the legislative veto from an absolute to a suspensory power. There is every sign that this issue will take precedence of all others in the minds of electors. Day by day it is doing what no other question of our time has been able to do. It is causing separate parties to withdraw their candidates, in order to concentrate on the one supreme question of the defence of British liberty. These sacrifices of party feeling will be mocked, this unanimity and enthusiasm will be cheated, if the mandate so secured to the Commons is not carried into effect in precedence of every other measure. The King will once again, when Parliament opens, address to "Gentlemen of the House of Commons" the annual request for supplies for the public service. The answer will be that the Commons will loyally and willingly vote them as soon as they have provided that this year his Majesty shall have no reason to regret that their care and liberality have been unavailing.

But how is this security to be obtained? Unionist writers, while assuming that the Lords will bow to the will of the people on the Budget and will graciously "allow" the Finance Bill to become law, apparently contemplate a very different attitude on the main question. The Bill for regulating the Veto must, they remind us, be passed with the assent of the Lords themselves. Do we expect, then, that the Lords will give their assent to the reduction of their own powers? If not, do we contemplate violent means of enforcing their assent? The reply is that we trust that good sense will prevail, but that when good sense fails the Constitution provides a means, cumbrous and most objectionable, no doubt, but still a peaceful and orderly means, of overcoming a deadlock. What is this means? Some authorities, particularly Mr. Swift McNeill, have contended for the ancient

right of the Crown to withhold writs of summons from any peer at its pleasure. To do so would be a breach of constitutional usage, but to justify its being done in this instance the plea might be advanced that when usage is broken on one side it may be necessary to right matters by breaking it on another. By rejecting the Budget the Lords have invaded not merely the right of the Commons but the prerogative of the Crown, and no less an authority than Lord Courtney warned them in the debate that the prerogative of the Crown might be used to restrict their numbers, and that it would be useless to go to any Court of Law in the hope of exercising compulsion upon the Crown. To refuse writs of summons to those absent for two or for three years in the last Parliament would be a procedure which would undoubtedly command much moral support. Yet we do not think that this procedure can be relied on. The change now required in the Constitution must be made with the fullest possible formality. It must not be open to anyone hereafter to challenge it on the ground that the House of Lords which accepted it was an incomplete House. There must be no suspicion resting on its title. It has to be added that, even if the numbers of the Peers were restricted by any test of attendance, the anti-popular majority would remain, reduced in numbers, no doubt, and improved in average debating quality, but unchanged in mental attitude to the main question.

It follows that the hostile majority can only in the end be overcome by the method of 1832, that is to say, by a definite statement of the intention of the Government to create peers in numbers sufficient to carry the restriction of the veto. Unionists, having no other weapon, seek to cover this proposal with ridicule. The idea of 275 new peers, and, perhaps, more, dissolves them in laughter. In more solemn fashion "*Historicus*" in the "*Times*"—not by any means the "*Historicus*" that the world once knew—refers us to the precedents of Queen Anne's reign, and the outcry occasioned by the creation of twelve peers only for the purpose of securing a Ministerial majority. It is hardly for the defenders of the Lords on this occasion to cite precedents. It is we who are defending the Constitution and relying on its historic development. The grievance against Queen Anne's Government was that it altered the balance of the Constitution in favor of the Crown. What has happened today is that the Lords have altered the balance of the Constitution in their own favor, and have forced us to redress the balance on behalf of the people. "*Historicus*" might with advantage have gone on to recite the attempt of the Lords to limit the further creation of peers by the Crown, and its utter failure—a failure rightly taken as one of our constitutional landmarks. Returning to our present crisis, we may regret the necessity of flooding the Lords with new peers, partly because new peers soon become old ones and too often undergo a sea change. However, the case is not one of choice, but, if the Lords so will, of necessity, and the enlarged peerage will, by carrying out the very purpose for which the creations are made, destroy its own powers for mischief. We can only hope that the Lords will not decide to impose this necessity upon us, but that, having clearly grasped the situation, they will recognise that

we have the will and the power to settle this issue, and will not compel us to resort to a means which, distasteful to all of us, must be pre-eminently distasteful to themselves.

MR. BALFOUR ON SECURITY.

It is evident from the terms of his Election Address that poor Mr. Balfour is bored to extinction by the political crisis. It must, indeed, be very tiresome for the philosophical mind of this ever-doubting meta-physician to concern itself with sordid matters in which it takes no interest, and to prepare an address to tickle the ears of the groundlings of the City. But it had to be done. Somebody must have reminded Mr. Balfour that two to three columns were expected of him, and he evidently dictated them with many intervals of yawning and wondering what on earth he was to say next. No one can read the result without feeling sorry for the author. It is not merely that it is difficult to read, and must have been ten times more difficult to write. But when a statesman, whose acquaintance with the practical facts of life is hazy, begins to somnambulise on paper, the results are inevitably astonishing to those who dwell in a less rarified atmosphere. Most of Mr. Balfour's constituents read his trumpet call with bewilderment. Some who worked really hard at it said unkind things, and people ought not to be unkind to Mr. Balfour. Perhaps the most extraordinary episode in his dream was his excursion into the United States, and his comparison between the security of property there and here, all in favor of America. At first sight the passage appears to be a mere imitation of the diatribes concerning the downfall of British credit, by means of which those who ought to have known better have reduced the markets in British securities to a state that is now causing them some uneasiness. So it was read by some superficial observers in the City, who pronounced it to be "a bull point for Yankees," and "up against Consols." But we prefer to believe that Mr. Balfour, even in his most political moments, would not allow himself to become so basely practical or so practically base. He had to say something. Somebody had told him about the American Constitution and the checks and devices that it has arranged in order to make party legislation difficult, and he was struck by the happy thought that this was an apt and original piece of padding for his Address. Consequently he solemnly sets forth that "in the United States of America it is a fundamental principle of the Constitution that all kinds of property shall be taxed alike, and that no one form shall be prejudiced by special taxation. That Constitution is not easily changed; and before a measure like the British Budget could be legally attempted, the consent must be obtained of a two-thirds majority in both Houses," and so on. "I do not," he continues, with playful irony, "ask that the British citizen should enjoy the same security for his property as the citizen of the United States. I am not so immoderate," and he draws the appropriate moral of the beneficence of the House of Lords in helping us to struggle after the ideal so firmly established in America.

False analogy is ever a dangerous weapon, and Mr. Balfour has perhaps been telling more truth than he knew of. It is certainly true that the American Constitution is not easily changed. It is even more true that it is constantly evaded. One of its principles is the equality of all men under the spread of its protecting pinions. How far this principle is carried out, the habitual treatment of its colored citizens can at all times abundantly testify. An American Professor, a man of most enlightened ideals, was puzzled not long ago by the coldness with which a gathering of English Radicals heard him tell how in America the young men "came around with shot guns" on polling days to stop the colored voters who wanted to exercise the franchise. How far the principle of the Constitution which lays down the equality of taxation is respected, can be seen by anyone who cares to wade through the schedules of the American tariff, or to remember the months of lobbying and intrigue by which one interest after another pressed its claims for special treatment by Congress, and schemed for the chance to batten on the unfortunate consumer. In England, where the insecurity of property gives Mr. Balfour so much concern, we do not hear of bands of marauding "night-riders" burning the stores and storehouses of traders and producers who had had the bad taste to prefer to remain outside a monopolist ring. These things were a picturesque feature of a recent dispute in the American tobacco trade. The thing that is really secure in America, so secure that it resists all the attempts of the law to dislodge it, is the monopoly of the Trusts. On this subject let us quote a few extracts from a work called the "Truth about the Trusts," by Mr. John Moody, a champion of their development. In reviewing the "So-called Remedies," he tells us that—

"The first general Federal law which can be regarded as a result of the Trust agitation was the Inter-State Commerce Act passed in 1897. This Act was the outgrowth of the sentiment which had been created during the previous years by the general cutting of rates by the railroads, and their inequitable dealings with shippers in all parts of the country. The relations of the railroads with the Standard Oil Trust were matters of particular criticism at this time, and the immediate purpose of the Act was mainly to eliminate the illegal discriminations in favor of the Standard, and, if possible, give all shippers the same opportunities. . . . Its results have in no way verified the predictions of its framers. . . . As a regulator of railway rates, or as a factor in preventing the tendencies of railways to assume monopoly powers, it has been quite impotent."

"The measure, which was created in 1890, and is popularly known as the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, is the law which was passed for the express purpose of eliminating monopoly in railroads or other corporations.

. . . As statistics show, nearly all the great Trusts, transportation and other, have been created since the passage of this anti-trust law, and in spite of it. . . . The weakness of all this legislation lies in the fact that while it pretends to aim at the 'regulation' of monopoly, it really never touches the monopoly."

These calm statements, written with evident satisfaction by a defender of the Trusts, are on the whole more eloquent than examples, of which American periodicals and literature are now so full, of the manner in which these Trusts and monopolies master the people of

the States. If the law is powerless when it tries to stop their existence, its power to check their individual acts of rapacity must be even more futile. Such is the "security" enjoyed by individuals in America under the heel of these tyrants, who are protected by the impotence of the law, and the provisions of a tariff arranged in their interests. Mr. Balfour is not so immoderate as to hope for quite the same perfection here. But the tariff reform which he blesses, in a few frigid and calculating generalities, may do much to help us in the direction of the ideal that he admires. Whether it is equally admired by the business community of this country we doubt. The memory of the City is proverbially short, but it still remembers the "security" enjoyed by depositors in American banks two years ago, when a panic was produced by over-production and over-trading, largely fostered by the philanthropists who have so successfully established the Trusts. Banking in America was smirched, perhaps unfairly, by certain disclosures of the methods of high finance, and American citizens preferred for the time being to take care of their money for themselves. American bankers met the situation by calmly refusing to pay what they owed to their customers. For a time the whole country reverted to a condition of economic barbarism, in which the average daily convenience of a currency was denied to it. And after thus committing general bankruptcy, the banks paid very satisfactory dividends to their shareholders, gradually reopened their doors as the storm abated, and went on as if nothing had happened. Such are the blessings insured by the American Constitution to those who live under it. The result, as is sorrowfully admitted by Mr. Moody, the champion of the Trusts, is that "prominent men in business, journalism, and also in financial fields, are beginning quietly to admit that they are Fabian Socialists." Mr. Moody deplores this dangerous growth. Perhaps Mr. Balfour would do likewise if he heard of it.

A STEP TO ANGLO-GERMAN PEACE.

It is an unfortunate handicap upon the foreign policy of the two great nations of Anglo-Saxon descent that they have so often to apologise to the civilised world for the character of a portion of their Press. This country, in particular, has periodically to inform the Sovereign and people of Germany that, though it cannot protect them from gross, insulting, and wickedly provocative language by certain of our newspapers, they must not understand that prudent, authoritative, or ordinarily sensible Englishmen approve it or are influenced by it, because for shame's sake they say nothing about it. For this particular occasion, they might also be informed that nothing which the "Daily Mail" says or does is of larger consequence than pertains to a party trick or a business stroke, and that one or both of these devices are to be suspected now that a General Election is pending, and it is important for the defenders of a bad cause to make the public talk of anything else. If we must further refer to Mr. Blatchford's article accusing the German Government of a set design to destroy our Empire and invade our country, it is only needful to say that this gentleman's

writing, of whose literary quality its readers must judge, carries no weight with any party but the Socialists, who on this issue repudiate him. When, piercing alike through the visible and the invisible, the eye of Mr. Blatchford, of the "Clarion," sternly fixed on the Kaiser and his officers, perceives a "secret" German plot against England, which is also of so brazen a character that a "legion" of hostile acts and tongues proclaim it, and is so inevitable that not the "strongest navy in the world" can defeat it, it would seem as if Mr. Blatchford's rhetoric had answered itself. His "facts," in the half-dozen cases where they are even alleged, fall into the same category of self-accusation. Among them was the statement that "every night in every German warship," the toast was drunk "To the day" when the German fleet should destroy the British fleet. The assertion has been declared by Prince Henry of Prussia, Admiral of the German fleet, to be a lie. This every well-balanced reader of Mr. Blatchford's hysterics knew when he read it. Even Mr. Blatchford's arithmetic of one German battleship a month does not work out at his later sum of "thirty-nine battleships a year," a figure which even the sub-editor of the "Daily Mail" might have been trusted to excise. We do not know whether it is necessary to confront his further assertion that Germany has "seventeen docks" capable of building "Dreadnoughts" with the official statement last June that, while we possessed thirteen graving docks for "Dreadnoughts" and had six building, Germany had five and one building, and, while she possessed one floating dock and two building, we had two building. If Mr. Blatchford showed any susceptibility to the nature of an argument, we might meet his point as to the secret "rushing" of Germany's naval programme—in which every important step is perfectly well known to us—with the admission in the "Navy League Annual" that she is behind her time with every ship comprising her first batch of "Dreadnoughts," or we might contrast his comprehensive ignorance of his subject with Sir William White's complete knowledge of it and total dissent from Mr. Blatchford. It is more to the point to condole with Germany on the fact that, while we have our Blatchfords, she has her Hardens, and to lament that in both countries the unthinking and the unknowing act with each other against peace and common sense.

We write this article, however, less for the purpose of drawing attention to Mr. Blatchford and the "Daily Mail," than of recording the remarkable language of the new German Chancellor on Friday week. On this occasion Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, reciprocating Mr. Asquith's wishes for an improved relationship between Germany and Great Britain, declared, according to Reuter, that "the interests of both countries would be better served and more freely and largely expressed if this friendly attitude were expressed in negotiations between the two countries." The language of the "Times" reports puts this point a little less precisely, and we are inclined to think, more correctly, and makes the Chancellor speak of "the solution of questions which affect both countries." But even this statement is of great significance. It will be remembered that Mr.

Asquith held out three months ago a definite hope that if the German Government were prepared to consider a plan for the reduction of armaments, such an arrangement would meet "with a most cordial response" from this country. Here, therefore, we seem to have advanced to new ground. Last spring Sir Edward Grey thought that Germany would not enter into a naval arrangement, first, because she would not recognise our claims to a superior fleet; secondly, because he had no reason to suppose that she would respond to a British offer to abandon the right of capturing private property at sea; and thirdly, because of German suspicions of ourselves. This was not promising, or even inviting; but Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's words put out of the way the objection that Germany will not look at an attempt to solve pending questions. For both countries the greatest of these questions is that of naval armaments. A few months ago we were given to understand that Germany had repulsed a very tentative British suggestion. Now Germany has clearly made an advance, which almost amounts to the tender of an arrangement. We cannot conceive, in view of the Prime Minister's words, that it has been repulsed, or that there exists any reason, any material fact, any engagement with another European Power, which calls upon a Liberal Government to repel it. Therefore we must assume that the path is open for a removal of the only substantial peril to European good-will, a step which we note that French official opinion warmly approves. The present Government has done much for progress; but the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary would throw all its accomplishments into the shade by an act of peace between two Powers who, outside the sphere of passion, have not a single motive for war.

SCARING CAPITAL ABROAD.

For the last seven years numbers of influential politicians and protectionist landowners and manufacturers, posing as patriots, have devoted themselves to the single task of running down the industry and commerce of their country. They have represented England as a land of decaying trades, unable to hold her own markets against foreign competitors on equal terms. Every failure, every defect in our business methods, they have flaunted before the eyes of the world, every detrimental fact or figure they have gleefully picked out for political advertisement. They have applied every sort of statistical fallacy to make out their false assertion that Great Britain was unable to maintain her supremacy among the commercial nations. Their latest trick is to set "authoritative financiers" to tell us that the rats are deserting the sinking ship, that capital, despairing of any safe or profitable investment in this country, is driven abroad, and that in consequence unemployment and starvation for hosts of our workers are inevitable. Some of these financiers, as Mr. George has pointed out, merely ply their craft; vendors of foreign securities, they boom their market by disparaging the lines of goods they do not sell. One can hardly blame them: it is all in their day's work.

But their personal aims and methods cost their country dear. When well-known statesmen and a Press of world-wide circulation employ themselves in advertising and exaggerating every failure and concealing every success of the trade and commerce of their country, such persistent, wide-spread suggestion has its natural effect. During this year the protectionist propaganda has been reinforced by a fresh stream of mendacity denouncing the Budget as the beginning of a Socialistic attack upon property. These tactics are very similar to those employed in the United States in 1894, when financial and business men deliberately conspired to create a panic and a stoppage of business for electioneering purposes. Ample testimony is forthcoming from City men to the effect that investors are preferring foreign to home securities just now. It would, indeed, be strange if the political devices employed by English financiers to scare capital abroad were wholly unsuccessful. For capital is proverbially timid, and when financial advisers for political reasons disparage home investments, capital will flow abroad. In this way our "patriots" are doing something to keep back the revival of trade which is beginning to show itself in our country. They cannot do very much, because the tide of industrial revival will be too strong for them, but they may do something to retard the pace of the revival and at least to keep up the figures of unemployment over the General Election. Their malign device must finally fail, for the stream of new capital ever tends to flow into the channels of greatest industrial and commercial productivity. But for the present this anti-British policy of slandering home industry is retarding the new fertilising flow of capital into British enterprise which the prospect of a trade revival would have brought about. This deliberate exploitation of our trade and employment by political and financial gamesters, staking their petty, selfish ends against the employment and prosperity of the people, is a wantonly wicked act without parallel in our political annals.

In the long run, however, the natural and beneficial distribution of capital will assert itself. It is not true that the growth of our capital invested abroad is attended by a dearth of capital in our home industries. Home investments always have the first pull upon the savings of the country, and, even in spite of the campaign of slander, there is no evidence whatever to support the allegation that sound English investments cannot get the capital they need. The notion that a trade depression is attributable to deficiency of capital is based upon a total misunderstanding of the facts of depression. For in depressed trade there is no lack of available capital. Facing the unemployed or under-employed labor is an equal quantity of fixed capital in the shape of mines, factories, machinery, &c., technically capable, as in good times, of co-operating with the labor for the conversion of materials into commodities. The requisite circulating capital, wages, and materials, would also be forthcoming if employers could see their way to marketing the goods they could turn out at the ordinary market prices.

The increasing proportion of new British capital which flows abroad causes no constriction in the de-

velopment of home industries: it could not find safe and profitable employment here. The suggestion that a Protective Tariff would keep more capital invested in this country is a false induction drawn from the fact that a tariff favoring a particular British trade might cause more capital to be employed in that trade. This enlargement of the capital structure of a particular trade, or set of trades, would be compensated, and more than compensated, by the starvation and the dwindling of capital in other trades. For the net effect of a tariff cannot be to increase the aggregate amount of capital in the country. Not only will it not prevent capital from flowing abroad as fast as it does now; it will accelerate the pace. For the result of a costly interference with the normal growth of British trades, by subsidising and enlarging some trades at the expense of others, will be to reduce the average rate of profits upon capital invested in British industries, and, therefore, to strengthen the appeal of foreign investments. The only way by which our Protectionists can keep more capital in the country is by placing a legal prohibition upon the export of British goods which constitute the real forms of the capital that goes abroad. In other words, they can only check the export of capital by stopping export trade altogether. For there is no way of discriminating in our export trade those exports which go out in direct exchange for imports and those which represent British loans to the Empire or to foreign countries.

As world civilisation develops, a larger and larger proportion of the capital of each nation will be placed outside the national area. Germany, far later than ourselves to begin the process, has already nearly as much capital invested outside its Empire as we have, for half our capital that goes abroad goes to our Colonies and Dependencies. On every ground, economic, political, and moral, it is desirable that this process of financial cross-fertilisation should proceed apace. Every fresh million invested abroad is a solid bond of common interest, making in the long run for the peace and prosperity of the world. Its immediate and direct effect is to stimulate the development of the resources of the borrowing country, and to secure for the people of the creditor nation the largest share of this benefit, by furnishing increased supplies of food and materials for her consumption and a new growing market for her manufactures. Students of the actual course of our foreign commerce recognise the intimate relations between the course of our overseas investments and that of our overseas commerce. The two are inextricably intertwined.

In normal times, when unpatriotic panic-mongers are not operating in money markets, our industries are fed with all the capital they can assimilate. There is only one way of increasing safely the quantity of capital employed in the country, viz., by raising the standard of consumption of the masses of the people. For only by raising the volume of consumption of commodities can we permanently raise the volume of production, and so the aggregate employment alike of capital and labor. To do this is the end of that policy of Social Reform to which our Government is directing its endeavors.

Life and Letters.

"SOCIETY" AND THE BUDGET.

THE word Society must be used here in the restricted sense as meaning not the general community but a comparatively small class of people who have constituted themselves into a more or less select aristocratic oligarchy and assume the *rôle* of leaders of fashion, manners, and conventions in the social life of the richer section of the population. Who are they? And does it signify in the least degree what they think about the Budget or any other public question?

It is difficult to define exactly who they are. But if we take the members of the House of Lords, with their wives and daughters, their relations and their personal friends, we might be including a few people who would resent being classed in this category, but we should not be excluding many who can fairly be described as members of Society. It is, in truth, this faction that gives the House of Lords its power and prestige, and the Peers of the Opposition receive a sort of perpetual mandate from them. The views of a great number of these high personages on the Budget proposals of the Government have been expressed in language of unmeasured violence. Some of their public utterances have been recorded in print, and have been appreciated at their true worth. But their private conversations and correspondence on the subject during the past few months, if they could only be recorded, would be a perfect revelation of an obstinate prejudice, an unconquerable arrogance, and a fathomless ignorance which would make any ordinary citizen blush for shame. Reasons of policy or even of party are not the guiding motive of their heated and bitter opposition. Purely selfish fears form the basis of their antagonism, and contemptuous personalities are their method of expression.

Four years ago the overwhelming Liberal majority at the general election greatly alarmed them. The country would be ruined, they declared, feeling their influence might lose its weight. Worse, there was a chance of an attack on their position—a position of generally accepted domination, which they insist on believing is the only possible arrangement of our social system. But they subsided into acquiescence in the inevitable, and they were completely reassured when they found that their own Chamber, representative, indeed, so far as they were concerned, was an effective rampart against the pressing and repeated demands of the common people. So they settled down for three years only to scoff and sneer at anything in public life that was infected with a progressive or Liberal taint. But in the fourth year came the Budget. Their fears were renewed. "A Government of cads" was forcing Socialism upon them. They had not the remotest idea what Socialism meant. Most of them had neither read nor seen a book on the subject in their lives. But it conveyed to them generally the notion that desperate men who used violence were going to deprive them of their property, their land, and their wealth. For a time they were scared to the pitch of frenzy. They cried aloud, and wondered amongst themselves whether their champions could really withstand a blow which seemed to have behind it a vast, and to them quite inexplicable, force. But when they heard the brave speeches during the Lords' debate, they knew once more they were safe. In those speeches rang the true note of the autocratic capitalist aristocracy. The division on the Second Reading, in which their fathers and brothers, and uncles and friends, played such a noble and historic part in refusing supplies for the nation's needs was a vindication of their claims and a crowning triumph for their caste.

Now, does it after all matter what such people's views are, what language they use, or what opinions they express? Unfortunately it does matter. Because the power they have is unmistakable and very effective. It is a power not only of wealth, which by itself is admittedly formidable, but it is the power of example and the subtle power of influence which reaches down into the recesses of private life where opinion is formed and char-

acter moulded. And the British—or perhaps it would be more correct to say the English—temperament is so constituted that slavish respect for rank plays a very prominent part in the general conduct and public attitude of a vast number of people. The next best thing to being an aristocrat is to know one, and behave like one, or, anyhow, to serve one, or obey one. Individually in this Society, as elsewhere, you will find disinterested and broad-minded men, but their opinion and advice do not count. Collectively, when its interests are touched, whether it be in land, liquor, or capital, "Society" acts corporately in its capacity as a band of hereditary leaders and rulers *par excellence*. The authority these leisured "supers" exercise in mundane and private affairs they insist on stretching into the domain of public affairs, where they find strong allies in their Press, and their Kiplings, and in the vested interests who gladly hail their co-operation. In their disregard for the general public welfare, the selfishness of their pretensions is unveiled, and the insolence of their unashamed conceit is laid bare. It would be folly to pretend that they are not a force still to be reckoned with. The upper middle class strive to be identified with them, many of the middle class fear to compromise themselves by opposing them, and some of the working class even, especially in the country districts, bow to them in return for their patronage and charity. Whether it takes the form of public-house influence, whether it is the alliance between the squire and the parson, whether it is the fear of the loss of custom which the small shopkeepers dread, or whether it is the barefaced intimidation exemplified by the brake-loads of voters driven to the poll, with the bailiff on guard at the door of the polling-station; whether, in fact, it takes the form of subservience, obedience, or alliance, we must make up our minds that in the coming election the full force of their power and the full pressure of their influence will be used and felt in every available direction.

We may despise their opinion, we may deplore their methods, we may detest their pretensions, we may denounce their thoughtless disregard for the constitutional safeguards of the country, but let us not forget that to them the coming struggle is one of life or death. Every conceivable expedient open and concealed will be used to delude the electors into the belief that they are their friends; no stone will be left unturned in order to thwart the forces of progress and to stifle the voice of the people. We must not underestimate the gravity of the issue. It is not to be a contest between two policies, but a great fight to free the country from the slow poison of an insidious and destructive tyranny. Eventual victory is assured by the natural evolution of the social laws which govern all human societies. Cannot we gain that victory now? For, if we triumph, we can leave our vanquished foes for a while to exercise their petty lordship in their own private domains; but their reckless outlawry in the nation's concerns will be put an end to once and for all.

THE MOTIVE FORCE OF WAR.

It is at once the weakness and the strength of most of the men and women who have devoted their energies to a concentrated propaganda against war that they are conscious idealists, a little better and much more sensitive than the majority of their fellows. The plain man does not trouble to meet them on the ground of morality and humanity. He readily accepts their teaching that war is wrong and brutal. But he is apt to imagine that he knows the world he lives in. He is convinced that brutality is often highly profitable. He thinks that he owes much of his present prosperity to successful aggressions in the past. He dreads to be made the victim of similar aggressions in the future. Somewhere at the back of his mind is the obscure conviction that, if the Germans should ever beat us, our trade and our prosperity would be ruined for ever, whereas if we should beat them our fortunes would be directly advanced. That the next war will be a war for trade seems to him as natural and as reasonable as it

seemed to our ancestors in the seventeenth century to make wars for religion. Nor is it merely the unreflecting City man who swallows these assumptions. They are to be found blatant in the pages of the "National Review." The pacifist too often brushes them aside with an impatient moral rebuke, where he might with more effect pause to subject them to a careful economic analysis. When the conviction that war does not pay from a national standpoint, even when it is at once very wicked and very successful, begins to penetrate the mind of the middle class, the "rattle into barbarism" will be sharply arrested.

It is to this task that a new and brilliant writer, Mr. Norman Angell, has addressed himself in one of the most original pieces of pamphleteering which has appeared for many years. ("Europe's Optical Illusion," Simpkin, Marshall.) He writes a direct and virile style, in which no word is wasted and no sentence fails to tell, and he has the rarest of all virtues in a political thinker, that he dares to question everything and to peep behind even the most usual and innocent of words. It is, of course, no new thesis that war and territorial aggrandisement do not pay. The discovery has been made too often by the victor. Austrians in a cold fit are asking themselves what conceivable concrete gain they have derived from the final seizure of Bosnia. Our own Jingoes, realising that the dream of racial ascendancy in South Africa must be for ever relinquished, are slowly beginning to scan their balance sheets. But still the illusion survives, and the plain man does not dare to question that some profit in wealth or trade would come to the victor in an Anglo-German struggle. But, setting sentiment aside, what concrete and material good is there that we could lose even by a disastrous struggle which should force us to accept humiliating terms and consent to the loss of our Empire? Our actual wealth, as Mr. Lloyd George has reminded the Dukes, consists in the industrial skill of our population, in our natural resources below the soil, in the moist climate which makes Lancashire the world's inevitable cotton-mill. These would survive defeat. Our goods would still make their way in neutral markets by their cheapness and their merits. It profits the English merchant nothing to-day when he meets a Belgian rival in Buenos Ayres that he has "Dreadnoughts" behind him and the Belgian has not. Switzerland can threaten our supremacy even in the Canadian market. From our self-governing Colonies we draw no tribute. We are less able to dictate a policy to General Botha than we were to President Krüger. Canada announces that she holds herself free to give or to withhold the assistance of her new Fleet if we should be at war. Against us, as against all the world, the Colonies maintain tariffs which sufficiently protect them. The loss of these very independent allies would involve us in no material disaster, and to the conqueror their gain—if he could annex them—would bring no concrete advantage. The level of prosperity and comfort is as high in the little semi-neutral countries of Europe as in any Empire; it is probably higher. Nor can it be thought that their existence is precarious or insecure, when we recollect that Belgian 3 per cents. stand at 96, and German at 82, Norwegian 3½ per cents. at 102 and Russian at 81.

But the centre of Mr. Angell's position is his insistence on the influence of the world's elaborate credit system, to restrain the successful aggressor from inflicting on a defeated enemy any injury which really would maim him. If we are not yet members one of another, we certainly are debtors and creditors one of another. A financial panic in New York causes an immediate reaction in London and Paris, which forces the bankers of England and France in mere self-defence to rush to the assistance of the States. Just as its rivals in the City were forced, in order to save themselves, to rescue Barings, so both combatants in a European war would be compelled to respect each other's solvency. We might, by a successful naval war, create an appalling industrial crisis in Germany, but its effect would be felt so sharply in the City, that the most bellicose stockbroker would ere long be calling for peace and preaching mercy.

The Marshal Bülow of to-morrow might sigh out his "Was für Plunder!" from the dome of St. Paul's, but if he were to sack the cellars of the Bank, the credit of Germany would be shaken with the shock that destroyed our own. If any Power were to profit financially and industrially from a European war, it would be the *tertius gaudens* who lent his money to both the shaken combatants, and pushed his goods in the world's markets while their energies were otherwise engaged. If the victor follows up his triumph by conquest, he is all the more bound to respect the prosperity and the credit-dependent wealth of the provinces he annexes. He cannot ruin their populations without also injuring himself. Added territory does not mean an increase of wealth. No German was the richer for annexing Alsace. It is only the lingering tradition of the days when the conqueror actually confiscated the lands of the conquered and filled his treasury with the spoils of looted cities, which could induce us to think otherwise. There would seem to follow the colossal conclusion that war and armaments can do nothing for trade. Sentiment apart, no civilised modern Power has anything to hope from victory, or anything to fear from defeat, save indeed the temporary disturbance to credit and industry which affects victor and vanquished in almost equal degrees. If there is no adequate motive for aggression, there can be no real necessity to face the annual ruin of defence.

It would be easy to check the march of Mr. Angell's impetuous reasoning by entering here and there a caveat and registering a query. It may be true that no Power has anything concrete to gain by conquest, but the perception of that fact may not dawn so rapidly on the strong as on the weak. If we were Dutchmen, we should be ready to prove to Germany that she had nothing to gain by annexing us, but we should not on that account disarm, even if we believed that conquest would not spell ruin. The sentimental factor counts. No German was the richer for seizing Alsace, but the Alsatians are certainly unhappier for having been seized. Nor is it sweet reasonableness alone which protects Belgium and maintains her credit. It is the equilibrium of the armaments of stronger rival Powers. In the absence of international free trade, moreover, the wars which have consolidated great Empires into large areas of internal free trade have been of economic benefit. The Northern States would certainly be the poorer to-day if the Southern States had maintained their secession. But even these reservations leave Mr. Angell's central position untouched. Broadly speaking, there can, in the modern world, be no really national advantage from victorious war, and no irreparable economic disaster from defeat. But against this thesis of Mr. Angell's, which to the plain Jingo will seem an intolerable paradox, it is necessary to set up another which is itself hardly more familiar. Armaments are not maintained merely to make war or to preserve peace. They are maintained also to facilitate the export of capital. Ask why it is that the Moroccan question has twice threatened the peace of Europe and convulsed the slumbers of Spain, and the answer is that an energetic French colonial group is busy lending money to the Sultan, that it provoked an expedition which will force him to borrow still more money to pay the indemnity, that it has acquired profitable concessions for the building of harbors, and still vaster privileges for the exploitation of mines. Ask why the tension has ceased, and the answer is that the rival German group of financiers has come to terms with the French group, and that the pair will now exploit loans and mines in concert. French armaments backed the French group on Moroccan soil; German armaments on the Eastern frontier in the end made an amicable arrangement necessary. It is quite true that when a Lancashire firm is bidding against a Rhenish firm for the supply of cotton to a merchant in Smyrna, the question of "Dreadnoughts" does not come in. But if Krupps are bidding against Schneiders for the supply of ordnance to the Turkish army, or if a British group is competing with a German group for the building of a railway in China, high politics with navies behind them

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are at once involved. Embassies do not trouble about cotton bales, but they are called in when a new bank is being founded, a new concession granted, or a railway secured upon mortgaged customs. The shadow of an ambassador, when he pays an official visit under a semi-tropical sun, is rather apt to look like an Army Corps or a Dreadnought. The struggle to maintain what is called a balance of power in Europe is in some degree a struggle to secure for the fluid capital of the financiers of the Great Powers profitable opportunities for exporting itself to countries where there are as yet no Factory Acts and no "trail of the trade union serpent." The Lancashire operative and the suburban clerk are certainly no richer because the Navy enables us to control without owning Egypt. But the bondholders who despoiled the Khedive Ismail are immensely the richer. It is not enough that the democracies of Europe should understand that conquests and armaments are of no service to them. They must also be made to understand the entirely reasonable, if wholly selfish, calculation which makes these things so very serviceable to a limited ruling caste. The problem of armaments is national as well as international. Its solution presupposes the enlightenment of democracy and its acquisition of power. The enemy is not so much the faulty reasoning of the many as the shrewd self-interest of the few.

THE POWER OF DECEPTION.

VERY opportunely comes a little volume from the pen of Mr. Bryce, entitled "The Hindrances to Good Citizenship" (Clarendon Press), which contains the garnered fruit of deep and wide reflection upon democracy in two worlds. It is no casual coincidence that our American ambassador should have addressed to the students of Yale University a detailed criticism of the defects of popular government, every paragraph of which is closely, painfully, applicable to this country. For those who are not completely absorbed in the necessary details of the electoral struggle, there can be no more profitable reading than this faithful endeavor of a wise and devoted friend to heal, invigorate, and direct the spirit of democracy. That such help is needed there can be no doubt. For the clear convictions of a generation ago have been clouded over and the confident enthusiasm has been disappointed by events. "From 1830 to 1870 the general attitude of most of the powerful intellects and nearly all the finest characters among the thinkers and writers of Europe was a hopeful one, expecting immense gains to human progress and human happiness from the establishment of free institutions." The actual gains, though considerable, have not nearly fulfilled the expectations. Some improvement in material comfort, in health, education, morals, and in other civilised conditions has been attained for the "common people," and not a little of all this is due to better political institutions. Yet the friends of democracy are disappointed. Larger, quicker, deeper gains were hoped for. In looking for the causes of such disappointment Mr. Bryce rightly fastens his attention, not upon defects in the methods of self-government, but upon weaknesses in the character of the average citizen as affected by the play of modern political forces. For democracy throws the responsibility of progress upon the average man. Now, at all times, the average man in politics is prone to three special vices, indolence, self-interest, and abuse of party spirit. Of these the most noxious is self-interest, which not merely perverts individual honesty and intelligence, but corrupts and turns to harmful ends the wholesome instrument of party.

Unfortunately, along with the growth of formal democracy this evil force has gained an increased strength. For economic issues, which formerly divided the field of politics more equally with other issues of race, religion, and dynastic changes, have come in all

modern industrial nations to a position of ascendancy. The very growth of toleration, which has abated, if it has not settled, the most urgent problems of race and of creed, the very widening of franchise and of electoral institutions have left the field more open for the naked play of economic interests. Hence it arises that behind all constitutional or legal reform stands the pressure of the popular demand for radical changes in the ownership of property, the control of industry, and for a decent and secure standard of material comfort for the working-classes.

The other side of this demand, the enemy of the people, is the Power of Money, the entrenched and consolidated forces of the powerful vested interests. The classes which, by tradition and inheritance, by superior opportunities of education, political assistance, chance or force, have built and maintain the fortresses of the Money Power, defend themselves against all popular encroachments made under the claims of labor on the State. And their defence consists chiefly in attempts to corrupt, distract, and deceive the electorate. For what other defence have they against the just and reasonable demands of the people? Mr. Bryce, though not concerned to discuss the merits of the economic issues between the people and the vested interests, is as insistent as Mr. Wallas upon the degradation of politics involved. "Perhaps with even more general truth may it be said that, as the Love of Money is the root of all evil, so the Power of Money is for popular governments the most constant source of danger, worse than ignorance, worse than apathy, worse than faction, worse than demagogism. This is because it is so multifarious, so insidious, so hard to detect, so quick to spread."

In America the Power of Money is more firmly seated in the political saddle than here: it has seized more securely the engines of Party, and pumps its will down through the elaborate machinery, to come up with the formal register of the popular will. The prevalence of the spoils system and certain other aspects of American life render this intelligible. But, as Mr. Wallas reminds us, American methods are invading this nation. The "spell-binder," the "still-hunt," and all the other tricks of menace, cajolery, and suggestion, will be employed by the Money-Power. How shall they be met? What must we do to be saved? Mr. Wallas leaves us well-nigh in despair. Mr. Bryce, who is not looking to our immediate emergency, pleads for a policy of intellectual and moral enlightenment. He sees already in America, as in Europe, signs of revolt against the dominion of Mammon, of recovery from the age of discouragement through which democracy has been passing; he finds a growing diffusion of sympathy, a stronger feeling of responsibility among the wealthier classes for their less fortunate brethren. "There is more of a sense of brotherhood, more of a desire to help, more of a discontent with those arrangements of society which press hardly on the common man than there was forty years ago." But these healing, elevating processes are by their very nature slow. What ward have we against the present perils of such a Money-Power as Mr. Wallas portrayed in our columns last week? Well, we have this. It takes more money, more energy, more ability to make a lie prevail than a truth. To buy or deceive the majority of the electorate into voting against their manifest self-interests may prove too difficult and too expensive even for the Money-Power.

Finally, justice and reason are great allies. The mind of the average elector is not equally amenable to truth and falsehood, justice and injustice. To persuade him that the Lords are his friends, while the men he elected four years ago are his enemies, that it is better for him to pay food taxes than for landowners to pay land taxes, that the rich men want to give him more power, not less, to tax them, may prove too difficult, too costly a process. Drink fuddles and gold dazzles the intelligence of electioneers, leading them to suppose, falsely, that they can "fool all the people all the time." So, while honest men must everywhere be on their guard, unmasking fraudulent pretences, and nailing lies to the

counter, we need feel no desperate alarm lest money should buy the verdict. Money is not the final master of humanity. Good and evil, truth and falsehood, are not equally equipped for victory. For there is a natural tendency for greed to over-reach itself, for the liar to be caught in a trap he sets, for corruption to disgust instead of to allure. We have on one side the justice of our cause, the faith which the knowledge of that justice affords, and the ultimate integrity of the people. For herein lies the conquering power, the healing of democracy, the imperfect, not wholly conscious, but real and growing wisdom of the people, which enables it to detect truth from falsehood in great fundamental issues.

THE ESSENTIAL SELF.

If ever there was a perfect Knight, raised above the shadow of reproach, and recognised by his own and after times as the very mould of gentle valor and heroic accomplishment, one would have supposed him to be Sir Philip Sidney. We had looked upon him as happy in his life, in his friendships, his genius, and even in the early opportunity of his death. We had classed him with those scholars whose knowledge is vitalised by the hard realities of State and battle, and with the soldiers whom imaginative intellect saves from brutality. We had known him as the child of Penshurst, most beautiful of country homes, and as the sweet-tempered schoolboy of Shrewsbury, always the wildest and most romantic of our schools. We had known him at Christ Church, where he won such favor that the Dean ordered the words "preceptor of Philip Sidney, that most noble knight," should be inscribed on his own grave, and we can think of no pupil in whose honor the late Dean Liddell or the present Bishop of Oxford would do the like. Then came the years at Court and in the State's service, whether in Ireland or on embassies, in which he confronted the Emperor himself in defence of the liberties of Europe—years also of love and poetry and intimate acquaintance with the best scholars and intellects of the day. And so we reached that natural and characteristic ending at Zutphen, which for more than three centuries has rejoiced the imagination of his countrymen, when, as his friend tells us:—

"Being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him, but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along who had eaten his last at the same feast, gashly casting up his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words, 'Thy necessity is greater than mine.'"

That scene has become part of our national heritage, and for his countrymen Sir Philip Sidney lives chiefly as its hero. Beyond that, they may remember his great saying that he "never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that he found not his heart moved more than with a trumpet," and they may know him as the poet of three or four beautiful love-songs and perhaps half a dozen sonnets that Shakespeare must have heard with delight. Round these three points of noble deed and noble word and noble verse, posterity has concentrated his remembrance, and in themselves they are sufficient to present to us the picture of perfect knighthood that his very name calls up.

Or consider what his contemporaries thought of him—this man who, like General Wolfe, was killed at thirty-two. Of Henry of Navarre it is written that "he found out this Master-spirit among us, and used him like an equal in nature, and so fit for friendship with a king." When Sidney died, the Spaniard Mendoza acknowledged that "howsoever he was glad King Philip his master had lost in a private gentleman, a dangerous enemy to his Estate; yet he could not but lament to see Christendom deprived of so rare a light in these cloudy times." Similar is the testimony of Languet, the European scholar, and of Philip du Mornay, the scholarly diplomatist. But, as is known, the highest authority in Sidney's praise is Fulke

Greville, his intimate friend from the Schools at Shrewsbury till death parted them, nor can there be many finer passages of honor than that conclusion, beginning, "He was a true model of worth; a man fit for conquest, plantation, reformation, or what action so ever is greatest and hardest among men." Take only two more sentences from the lines:—

"Such a lover of mankind and goodness, that whosoever had any real parts in him found comfort, participation, and protection to the uttermost of his power; like Zephyrus, he giving life where he blew. . . . His heart and capacity were so large that there was not a cunning painter, a skilful engineer, an excellent musician, or any other artificer of extraordinary fame, that made not himself known to this famous spirit, and found him his true friend without hire, and the common rendezvous of worth in his time."

Fulke Greville, who lived to praise him, also imitated the Dean of Christ Church in asking that the sole inscription on his tombstone should be "The Friend of Sir Philip Sidney."

Was it all a hoax? Was the devotion of friends, the admiration of history, built on illusion? Sidney's latest biographer almost persuades us it was. It is true that Mr. Addleshaw, in his large and learned "Life" (Methuen) inserts passages of high praise. He esteems his hero quite highly, quite at his true value, as he supposes. He only wishes to be just, and because he has studied the subject more deeply than the rest of us, he felt bound to bring to light certain things we did not know. But, in spite of the best he can say, the result of his book is disillusion and disenchantment. Perhaps it is the result of most biography, unless the man's very faults are lovable. But Mr. Addleshaw keeps pointing out faults that are not lovable at all, and he has a peculiar power of making these faults stand forth as the most visible features in the portrait. It is partly due to a rather irritating and diffuse style, partly to a genuine and chivalrous sympathy with the persecuted Catholics of Elizabeth's time, for whom Sidney, in the thick of the dangers to freedom of thought and government, felt no pity. But throughout the book it is evident that the biographer is resolved "not to emphasise the halo," if we may adopt one of his own queer phrases. On the very first page he tells us that Sidney was "a prig and a bigot." A little later on, he confirms someone's opinion that Sidney was not an eminently engaging or profoundly interesting character, and states that our usual estimate of him is too clearly the phantom of a long tradition. He speaks of his piety as "narrow and insular to an unpleasant degree." With regard to his share in the confiscated property of Catholics, he calls him a thief, accuses him of rank robbery, and says "he plunged gaily into the game of grab and played it without a shadow of shame." Similarly, in speaking of his marriage and of his passion for Penelope Rich, he tells us everything that can make against his hero, and his excuse for insisting on all errors is plainly stated in the middle of the book:—

"As public approval," he writes, again in his more irritating style—"as public approval puts Sidney in a place quite conveniently near to St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John—and if one is to believe rumor, he is rather better than any of them—it is just as well to say, frankly, what he was. . . . It is very silly to disguise all Philip's faults. . . . To present him as a hero who was, like the traditional Bayard, 'sans peur et sans reproche,' is to coquet with folly. . . . Why it should have been considered necessary to make Philip ridiculous it is not for me to suggest. . . . We may rejoice that he was not the good boy of the Sunday school, or that he early went to heaven because the bullet of a kindly enemy sent him there."

We do not quite follow the meaning of the sneer in the last few words, but if the author thinks he is saving Sidney from ridicule by pointing out a few human failings in a noble character, he is mistaken. Goethe might say, "It is a man's errors that make him really lovable," but he was not thinking of the errors on which Mr. Addleshaw dwells—priggishness, bigotry, greed, indifference to suffering, and coldness in love. Those are not the errors that increase our affection for a man or raise him beyond the taunt of Sunday-school hero. If they are found and insisted upon in the character of a reputed knight, they in themselves bring ridicule upon a

knightly reputation, and to suppose they can enhance our sympathy for a fellow man is indeed to "coquet with folly."

It is not our business to defend Sidney. Except that he was thought too serious—Languet writes, "You have too little mirthfulness in your nature"—the people of his time perceived little or nothing of the faults that Mr. Addleshaw makes so glaring, and few of us are much in advance of the morality of our time. But we will accept the truth from the Devil's Advocate, no matter how disappointing—just with this one hint of warning, that hardly any man can be a hero to his biographer. Like the *valet de chambre*, the biographer knows too much. He sees the hero in his hours (or perhaps his years) of weakness, depression, or commonplace existence. If he has a valet's mind, those are the periods that will strike him most; on those he will insist, and to the quick moments when the heroic spirit burns with pure flame, illuminating the world, he will be blind. So it is that some people, possessed by a passion for what they call truth, delight to show us the Virgin Queen as a wanton old harridan, or Cromwell as an ill-bred bully, or Byron as a fop clamoring for his tooth-powder, or Lamb as a slave to punch, or Wordsworth as a doddering Conservative, or Carlyle as a peevish egoist.

Mr. Addleshaw has not a valet's mind, but still he is in danger of hiding the essential self beneath unessential qualities. At the best, a man's true self is not easy to discover, either for him or for others. In the chaotic multitude of contradictions, possibilities, desires, and fears, who shall detect it with certainty? Almost obliterated by the world's slow stain, incrusted like a sea-monster with the accretions of daily life and custom, torpid with conformity and the stress of habit, thwarted by sickness and bodily circumstance, it seldom emerges into view, and is seldom conscious even of its own reality. The old commandment to Know Thyself is impossible of fulfilment, and there is hardly one among us who could foretell how he would act in a crisis. In the case of others we foretell it more confidently, having a less confused picture of others than of ourselves. But still, it is not often that we can say, "There is the man himself; there is the essential spirit, burning, though only for a moment, with pure flame, while all the rest, though it last for years, is mere twilight, clotted obscurity, or the unenumerated hours of night."

With assured instinct, the circle of the world has fixed upon the points where the radiance of Sidney's essential spirit shone. We are grateful to all historians who reveal the truth, but, even if they wished, they could not alter that vision of our own, springing from a deeper truth than the incidents of time and place. No matter with what details of evidence the biographers may overwhelm us, Sidney will remain to the world as Shelley wrote of him:—

"Sidney as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot."

Not that we disregard evidence or consider perfection either possible or attractive, but at a few points of life we detect the gleam of the man's true spirit, and to the rest we remain indifferent, hardly having the time in our few and crowded years to regard it much. As in the case of a poet, it is not the man we admire, so much as the spirit that appears now and then to breathe through him as its almost unconscious instrument. So with Sidney, the only parts of his biography that count are those on which the world has already fixed, and the world is not to be robbed of the fine personality revealed in them. For not merely a creature of legend, but the true spirit of the man is to be found in that grave and sweet-tempered schoolboy, that ambassador who uttered his protests for freedom before the Courts of Emperors, that soldier who died at Zutphen, and the lover who wrote the lines beginning:—

"With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!"

and many other verses, of which Ruskin said he knew no such lovely love poems since Dante's.

Short Studies.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF FLEET STREET.

It is still early, but dinner is over—not the club dinner with its buzzing conversation, nor yet the restaurant dinner, hurried into the ten minutes between someone's momentous speech and the leader that has to be written on it. The suburban dinner is over, and there was no need to hurry. They tell me I shall be healthier now. What do I care about being healthier? *Et propter vitam vitae perdere causas.*

Shall I sit with a novel over the fire? Shall I take life at second-hand and work up an interest in imaginary loves and the exigencies of shadows? What are all the firesides and fictions of the world to me that I should loiter here and doze, doze, as good as die?

They tell me it is a fine thing to take a little walk before bed-time. I go out into the suburban street, a thin, wet mist hangs over the silent and monotonous houses, and blurs the electric lamps along our road. There will be a fog in Fleet Street to-night, but everyone is too busy to notice it. How friendly a fog made us all! How jolly it was when I ran straight into that "Chronicle" man, and got a lead of him by a short head over the same curse! There's no chance of running into anyone here, let alone cursing! A few figures slouch past and disappear; the last postman goes his round, knocking at one house in ten; up and down the asphalt path leading into the obscurity of the Common a wretched woman wanders in vain; the long, pointed windows of a chapel glimmer with yellowish light through the dingy air, and I hear the faint groans of a harmonium cheering the people home. The groaning ceases, the lights go out, service is over; it will soon be time for decent people to be in bed.

In Fleet Street the telegrams will now be falling thick as—No, I won't say it! No Vallombrosa for me, or any other journalistic tag! I remember once a sub-editor had got as far as, "The cry is still—" when I took him by the throat. I have done the State some service.

Our sub-editor's room is humming now: a low murmur of questions, rapid orders, the rustle of paper, the quick alarm of telephones. Boys keep bringing telegrams in orange envelopes. Each sub-editor is bent over his little lot of news. One sorts out the speeches from bundles of flimsy. The middle of Lloyd-George's speech has got mixed up with Balfour's peroration. If he left them mixed, would anyone be the less wise? Perhaps the speakers might notice it, and that man from Wiltshire would be sure to write saying he had always supported Mr. Balfour, and heartily welcomed this fresh evidence of his consistency.

"Six columns speeches in already: how much?" asks the sub-editor. "Column and quarter," comes answer from the head of the table, and the cutting begins. Another sub-editor pieces together an interview about the approaching comet. "Keep comet to three sticks," comes the order. Another guts a blue-book on prison statistics as savagely as though he were disembowelling the whole criminal population itself.

There's the telephone ringing. "Hullo, hullo!" calls a sub-editor quietly. "Who are you? Margate mystery? Go ahead. They've found the corpse? All right. Keep it to a column, but send good story. Horrible mutilations? Good. Glimpse the corpse yourself if you can. Yes. Send full mutilations. Will call for them at eleven. Good-bye." "You doing Haldane, Mr. Jones?" asks the head of the table. "Cup-tie at Sunderland," answers Mr. Jones, and all the time the boys go in and out with those orange-colored bulletins of the world's health.

What's a man to do at night out here? Let's have a look at all these posters displayed in front of the Free Library, where a few poor creatures are still reading last night's news for the warmth. Next week there's a

concert of chamber-music in the Town Hall. I suppose I might go to that. Then there's a boxing competition at the St. John's Arms, and a subscription dance in the Nelson Rooms, and a lecture on Dante, with illustrations from contemporary art, for working men and women at the Institute. Also there's something called the Why-Be-Lonesome Club for promoting friendly social intercourse among the young and old of all classes. I suppose I might go to that too. It sounds comprehensive.

There seems no need to be dull in the suburbs. A man in a cart is still crying coke down the street. Another desires to sell clothes-props. A brace of lovers come stealing out of the Common through the mist, careless of mud and soaking grass. I suppose people would say I'm too old to make love on a County Council bench. In love's cash-books the balance-sheet of years is kept with remorseless exactitude.

The foreign editors are waiting now in their silent room, and the telegrams come to them from the ends of the world. They fold them in packets together by countries or continents—the Indian stuff, the Russian stuff, the Egyptian, Turkish, Austrian, South African, Persian, Japanese, American, Spanish, and all the rest. They'll have pretty nearly seven columns by this time, and the order will come "Two-and-a-half foreign." Then the piecing and cutting will begin. One of them sits in a telephone box with bands across his head, and repeats a message from our Paris correspondent. Through our Paris man we can talk with Berlin and Rome.

From this rising ground I can see the light of the city reflected on the misty air, and somewhere mingled in that light are the big lamps down in Fleet Street. The City's voice comes to me like a confused murmur through a telephone when the words are unintelligible. The only distinct sounds are the dripping of the moisture from the trees in suburban gardens, and the voice of an old lady imploring her pet dog to return from his evening walk.

The voice of all the world is now heard in that silent room. From moment to moment news is coming of treaties and revolutions, of Sultans deposed and Kings enthroned, of commerce and failures, of shipwrecks, earthquakes, and explorations, of wars and flooded camps and sieges, of intrigue, diplomacy, and assassination, of love, murder, revenge, and all the public joy and sorrow and business of mankind. All the voices of fear, hope, and lamentation echo in that silent little room; and maps hang on the walls, and guide-books are always ready, for who knows where the next event may come to pass upon this energetic little earth, already twisting for a hundred million years around the sun?

The editor must be back by now. He is taking his seat in his own room, like the conductor of an orchestra preparing to raise his baton now that the tuning-up is finished. The leader-writers are coming in for their instructions. No need for much consultation to-night—not for the first leader anyhow. For the second—well, there are a good many things one could suggest: Finland or Persia or Morocco for a foreign subject; the library censorship or the price of cotton; and the cup-ties, or the extinction of hats for both sexes as a light note to finish with. He's always laboring to invent "something light," is the editor. He says we must sometimes consider the public, just as though we wrote the rest of the paper for our own private fun.

But there's no doubt about the first leader to-night. There's only one subject on which it would be a shock to every reader in the morning not to find it written. And, my word! What a subject it is! What seriousness and indignation and conviction one could get into it! I should begin by restating the situation. You must always assume that the reader's ignorance is new every morning; and anyone who happens to know something about it likes to see he was right. I should work in adroit references to this evening's speeches, and that would fill the first paragraph—say, three sides of my copy, or something over. In the second paragraph I'd show the immense issues involved in the present contest, and expose the fallacies of our opponents who attempt to belittle the matter as temporary and unlikely to recur—

say, three sides of my copy again, but not a word more. And, then, in the third paragraph, I'd adjure the Government, in the name of all their party holds sacred, to stand firm, and I'd appeal to the people of this great Empire never to allow their ancient liberties to be encroached upon or overridden by a set of irresponsible—well, in short, I should be like General Sheridan when at the crisis of a battle he used to say, "Now, let everything go in"—four sides of my copy, or even five if the stuff is running well.

Somebody must be writing that leader now. Possibly he is doing it better than I should, but I hope not. When Hannibal wandered all those years in Asia at the Court of silly Antiochus this or stupid Prusias the other, and knew that Carthage was falling to ruin while he alone might have saved her if only she had allowed him, would he have rejoiced to hear that someone else was succeeding better than himself—had traversed the Alps with a bigger army, had won a second Cannae, and even at Zama snatched a decisive victory? Hannibal might have rejoiced. He was a very exceptional man.

But here's a poor creature still playing the clarinet down the street, on the pretence of giving pleasure worth a penny. Yes, my boy, I know you're out of work, and that is why you play the "Last Rose of Summer." I am out of work, too, and I can't play anything. You say you learnt when a boy, and once played in the orchestra at Drury Lane; but now you've come to wandering about suburban streets, and when you have finished the "Last Rose" you will play "When other Lips," followed by "My Lodging's on the Cold Ground." Only a fortnight ago I was playing in an orchestra myself, not a hundred miles (obsolete journalistic tag!)—not a hundred miles from Drury Lane. It was a grand orchestra, that of ours. Day by day it played the symphony of the world, and each day a new symphony was performed, without rehearsal. The drums of our orchestra were the echoes of thundering wars; the flutes and soft recorders were the eloquence of an Empire's statesmen; and our 'cellos and violins wailed with the pity of all mankind. In that vast orchestra I played the horn that sounds the charge, or with its sharp *revillé* vexes the ear of night before the sun is up. Here is your penny, my brother in affliction. I, too, have joined in the music of a star, and now wander the suburban streets.

That leader-writer has not finished yet, but the proofs of the beginning of his article will be coming down. In an hour or so his work will be over, and he will pass out into the street exhausted, and happy with the sense of function fulfilled. Fleet-street is quieter now. The lamps gleam through the fog, a motor-bus thunders by, a few late messengers flit along with the latest telegrams, and some stragglers from the restaurants come singing past the Temple. For a few moments there is silence but for the leader-writer's quick footsteps on the pavement. He is some hours in front of the morning's news, and in a few hours more half-a-million of people will be reading what he has just written, and will quote it to each other as their own. How often I have had whole sentences of my stuff thrown at me as conclusive arguments almost before the printing ink was dry!

Here I stand, beside a solitary lamp-post upon a suburban acclivity. The light of the city's existence—I think my successor would say, of her pulsating and palpitating or ebullient existence—is pale upon the sky, and the murmur of her voice sounds like large but distant waves. I stand alone, and near me there is no sound but the complaint of a homeless tramp swearing at the cold as he settles down upon a bench for the night.

How I used to swear at that boy for not coming quick enough to fetch my copy! I knew the young scoundrel's step—I knew the step of every man and boy in that office. I knew the way each of them went up and down the stairs, and coughed or whistled. What knowledge dies with me now that I am gone! Qualis artifex pereo! But that boy—how I should love to be swearing at him now! I wonder whether he misses me, I hope he does. "It would be an assurance most dear," as an old song of exile used to say.

EPHEMEROS.

The Drama.

"THE BLUE BIRD" AND "BLANCO POSNET."

MR. TRENCH is to be cordially congratulated on the success of "The Blue Bird." The production was a most spirited move, worthy of "high commendation, true applause, and love." All the forces of the theatre have worked together in the attainment of a most artistic and delightful presentation. Here and there—at one point and another—it would be possible to conceive something more imaginative, something more exquisite. But it is not the part of criticism to oppose a dream achievement to an actual achievement, and dwell carpingly on the differences. Everything has been done competently, almost everything delightfully. The scenery, by Messrs. Cayley Robinson, S. H. Sime, and Joseph Harker, is ingenious and beautiful. (By the way, I have not seen it noticed that the graveyard scene, "The Kingdom of the Past," reproduces a well-known picture by Arnold Boecklin.) The dresses are fanciful and pretty, the dances (arranged by Miss Ina Pelly) are graceful and spirited. All the acting is more or less good; and particularly good are little Miss Olive Walter's Tytyl, Mr. Ernest Hendrie's Dog, Mr. Norman Page's Cat, Mr. William Farren's Gaffer Tyl, Mr. C. V. France's Time, and Mr. Fisher White's Oak-Tree. Mr. Trench, I repeat, and his able producer, Mr. Lyall Swete, are unreservedly to be congratulated on an all-round success.

What, now, of the play, poem, fantasy, parable, or whatever you like to call it? Here I confess myself somewhat at a loss. I am one of the most faithful, as I was one of the earliest, of M. Maeterlinck's admirers; but I hesitate whether to rank "The Blue Bird," his greatest theatrical success, among his artistic or intellectual triumphs. It has an extraordinary superficial charm; it delighted me on a first reading; but does it quite bear thinking about? I wonder! It seems to me to fall between two stools—to be neither shallow enough for children nor deep enough for men. And in saying so I probably do injustice to the childish intelligence. There is a good deal in the play, I cannot but think, that would crumble to pieces before the uncompromising logic of childhood. I should even be inclined to doubt whether it was a suitable play for bright and impressionable children, were it not that I know several young people of that description, on both sides of the Atlantic, with whom the book is already a prime favorite.

So far as the play is designed for children, it might have taken its inspiration from a phrase of Stevenson's. In one of his early essays, he wishes that there had been someone, during his childhood, "to put him in good heart about life." That would seem to have been M. Maeterlinck's cue. His fable harps on two main themes: first, man's unlimited dominion over a hostile but ultimately conquerable Nature; second, the unreality, or rather the negligibility, of Death. The Blue Bird, it is true, is difficult to capture, and when captured is apt to change color. The only way to keep it from fading, apparently, is to give it away, cage and all, to someone else. But then the quest of it is adventurous and fascinating, and the glimpses one now and then gets of it are worth all the trouble. That is my reading of the philosophy of the play; and so far as the theory of happiness—the Blue Bird—is concerned, it is open to no particular objection. But ought a child to be taught to look for a sinister and treacherous hostility in all Nature? Ought his thoughts to be deliberately centred on the mysteries of birth and death? And, if this be considered desirable, ought he to be put off with trite sentimentalisms on the subject?

First, as to Nature. There is no doubt a sense in which the cruelty, and even, if you like to phrase it so, the treachery of Nature are fundamental facts of existence. From the point of view of humanitarian sentiment, the struggle for existence is scarcely a pleasing spectacle. But it is not this aspect of nature that M. Maeterlinck presents to us. He would have the child conceive that the commonplace things around him are

his secret and insidious foes. Even Bread and Sugar, those good familiar creatures, are presented in a most unamiable light. Sugar, it is true—especially at Christmas-time—is apt to cause a good deal of uneasiness. But it is not the sugar that is the enemy—it is the child's unbridled appetite for it—and I do not see why this obvious moral should be obscured for him. As for the trees and the domestic animals, why should the childish spirit be placed at feud with them? In the forest scene, after the battle is over, Light, the sententious and the wise, deliberately rubs in the moral: "You see that Man is all alone against all in this world"—all alone, save for the heroically abject Dog. A little earlier, the venerable Oak Tree says to the other trees and animals:—

"The child you see before you . . . is able to snatch from us a secret which we have kept since the origin of life. Now we know enough of Man to entertain no doubt as to the fate which he reserves for us once he is in possession of this secret."

Surely age has not brought wisdom to this Oak. He apparently finds his estimate of Man on the President of some American wood-pulp or turpentine trust. But this is wholly unfair. When Man is wise and happy, oak-trees, if not more numerous, will be healthier and more beautiful than ever they were. Nor do I believe that the oaks we know cherish any such short-sighted sentiments. They are perfectly willing to work out their destiny; and, if only we study their constitution, and do not subject their fibre to greater strains than it can bear, we need fear no treachery from them—they will be staunch to the death. The Horse, again—why are children to see a hypocritical enemy in that noble and patient, if somewhat silly, quadruped? I admit that the contrast between the servile, officious devotion of the Dog and the subtle selfishness of the Cat is admirably worked out. (Mr. William Watson, by the way, has drawn the same contrast in a fine poem.) But apart from this I cannot think that there is much depth, or even much relevance, in the treatment of Man's relation to the animal and plant world. There is humor and fantasy in plenty; but, from M. Maeterlinck, we look for something more.

Now, as to Death. The message on this subject, conveyed in two scenes—"The Land of Memory" and "The Kingdom of the Past"—is to the effect that the dead live in our thoughts of them, and, otherwise, have no existence at all. This is a more comfortable and suitable doctrine, no doubt, than some views of death that have in bygone days been presented to the childish mind; but I wonder whether an acute child would not be apt to suspect it at once of inadequacy and of insincerity. Will he not ask whether the poet really expects him to believe that, if "there are no dead," our memories of the departed can recall them to life in any sense that matters? Will he not divine in the vision of a graveyard converted into a "fairy-like and nuptial garden" an attempt to conceal from him something very painful, and ugly, and dreadful, under a rather thin surface-dressing of flowers—of speech? Perhaps I am attributing a prosaic and inappropriate definiteness both to the poet's message and to the child's reading of it. But, after all, what can be more definite, not to say dogmatic, than the assertion "There are no dead"? I do not think it would be an impossibly realistic child who should say, "If you must talk to me about death, let there be 'no flowers—by request.'"

The scene in the Palace of Night is delightfully humorous, and its optimism is, to my mind, better justified than the attempt to sentimentalise away the horrors of death. But here again—looking at it now from the grown-up, not from the childish, point of view—the poet's philosophy seems to be disappointingly shallow. It is all very well for Night to say, "All my Terrors are afraid, and dare not leave the house, and the greater part of my Sickneses are ill." With a little latitude of interpretation, and looking a century or two ahead, we may admit this to be true. But there are many other caverns in the realm of Night that the poet leaves unexplored and unmentioned. What about the Injustices? What about the Cruelties? Above all, what about the grisly hole where the blind,

brutish. Stupidities lie tangled in a writhing mass? As for the Ghosts, I do not know what Night can mean when she says they have "taken flight," or have "felt bored since Man ceased to take them seriously." Never, surely, have ghosts been livelier than at the present moment; never have they been taken more solemnly. Are there not learned societies all over the world devoted exclusively to their cultivation? Thirty years ago they lived only in Christmas Numbers; now there is a whole library of solid and not in the least Christ-massy volumes devoted to their sayings and doings. Here I cannot find, with Mr. Trench, that the poet has "blended scientific observation with dream-work"; for it is certain that ghosts have of late taken a new lease of life. Or, if not ghosts, at any rate Mysteries; whereas Night complains that these, too, are at present at a discount. Seriously, the thought which inspires this scene seems to me a little perfunctory. It might have been much more relevant without being less amusing.

To sum up my doubts about "The Blue Bird," I cannot but ask myself what we should all have said if Mr. Barrie had written the play—by no means an extravagant supposition. Would not the verdict have run: "Very quaint—very charming—very humorous—but decidedly thin and superficial. How much profounder Maeterlinck would have made it!"

Last week saw the production of another philosophic play, "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet." To call it a nail in the coffin of the Censorship would hardly be correct; for I take it the Censorship is already nailed down, and only awaits the formality of interment. Certainly it seems incredible that even the Lord Chamberlain, at this time of day, should have discerned immorality or irreverence in Mr. Shaw's fantasy. It is immensely vivacious and amusing, and its theology, so far as I can discern it, may almost be called orthodox. If Blanco Posnet had read "Literature and Dogma," he would probably have defined the divinity that shapes his ends as "something, not himself, that makes, when he least expects it, for doing the sporting thing." In the last analysis, I take it, the play is an affirmation on Mr. Shaw's part of faith in the ultimate decency of human nature—in the unaccountable fascination which the Idea of Good exercises over the human will. I do not see that that is a doctrine which ought to be suppressed by Act of Parliament.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIAN POLICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Since you were good enough to publish my letter containing a report of the lamentable Gulab Bano case in India fresh events have occurred.

It will be remembered that this unfortunate woman was convicted in the summer of 1908 by a Sessions Judge in the Punjab (Mr. Kennedy) of having poisoned her husband on the strength of a statement held by the Judge to amount to a voluntary confession of guilt. Her answer was that this statement was wrung from her by the police under the agony of atrocious torture. Nevertheless she was sentenced to death, but when her case came up on appeal to the Chief Court of Lahore, the Judges unanimously set aside the conviction on the ground that her so-called confession was not voluntary, but was probably extorted from her by the terrible ill-treatment to which she had depoed.

Though careful not to prejudge the case, the Judges demanded a searching enquiry into the allegations against the police, and drew the special attention of the Government Advocate to the facts. Their judgment was delivered on December 2nd, 1908, but for some reason which requires explanation was not published in the Indian Press till February 2nd, 1909.

The acquittal of, and the order for, the discharge of the woman dated from December 2nd, 1908. Then comes a deplorable and impressive fact. The poor woman "died

of fever on January 10th at the village of Ganda Kass, Police Station Pindi Ghe," to quote the official account. But the extraordinary thing is that though she died within a few weeks of the delivery of the Chief Court's judgment, yet no one in India, or here, seems to have been made acquainted with the fact of her death until a few weeks ago. During the intervening nine months the Government "enquiry" went slowly and silently on. Frequent questions were asked in Parliament with no result. At last came an elaborate decision by the Governor to the effect that the police were entirely innocent, and that the woman had probably inflicted upon herself the terrible injuries seen and sworn to by the official surgeon. But not one word was said to convey to the world that the most important witness, namely, the poor woman herself, had not been examined, and had been dead for nine months. Was there any enquiry as to how her fever was caused, any medical report, or any inquest?

As soon as the Government decision appeared, the Judges took the almost unprecedented course of saying that they would formally reply to it in open court. Accordingly, on November 20th, at Lahore, they read a long and carefully-prepared "order" recapitulating in full detail the grounds on which they had made the grave reflections upon the police. They again asserted that they did not in any way prejudge the case against the police, but that their suspicions still remained. They laid stress upon the fact that for three or four days the poor woman was taken by the police away from the jail without any warrant, and "was returned to jail in a deplorable condition." At the end of this "order" they announced that they proposed to append to their original judgment the following "rider":—

"No enquiry, such as was suggested by us as desirable in our judgment of 2nd December, 1908, into the conduct of the police in regard to this case has been made by the Executive Authorities, but His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor, has called for a Memorandum from the Superintendent of Police concerned, and has considered that and the forwarding note of the Deputy Inspector-General, and the medical opinion by Colonel Cunningham, and the papers submitted to him; and after considering these papers and those of the incomplete enquiry made before the trial, has come to the conclusion that 'the injuries from which Gulab Bano was suffering on June 5th were not caused by the police, and also that the omission to call Head Constable Abdulla as a witness was not due to any intention to suppress evidence favorable to the accused.'"

The Judges had found that this Head Constable could have given evidence of the utmost importance in favor of the woman, but was not put into the box by the police.

What is the salient fact that emerges from this unique judicial pronouncement? That in spite of the earnest injunction of the Judges in December, 1908, that the evidence against the police of what can only be described as fiendish cruelty, was *prima facie* such as to call for searching enquiry by the Executive, no such enquiry at all has ever been held, but that the police have been completely whitewashed, simply on the strength of a secret Memorandum by the superior officers of the very men directly affected by the strictures of the Judges. Nay, more. Not only as to the truth of the allegations of torture made against the police, but as to the value and relevancy of evidence to be called, the Governor and his policemen openly set aside the opinion of the highest Court in the Province. Still worse, the clear evidence of the experienced prison doctor who examined the poor woman, and found her injuries to be exactly in accordance with her story, is discarded by the Governor in favor of a theoretical opinion given more than a year afterwards, by a medical professor in Lahore. And it is with this that Parliament and the public are expected to be satisfied. As for the Judges, the Executive thus deals with them:—

"If your Lordships find yourself unable to concur in his decision, the Lieutenant-Governor regrets that it should be so, but so far as the Government is concerned, the decision is a final one, and as such has been communicated to the Head of the Police."

—Yours, &c.,
December 15th, 1909.

FREDERIC MACKARNESSE.

THE PREMIER AND THE FRANCHISE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The Premier's reference to woman's suffrage at the Albert Hall leaves this most bitter and painful of our contemporary controversies exactly where it has stood for

two years. He is still opposed in principle to this reform, and is prepared to allow it to be carried by a free vote of the Commons only in a way which makes its success at once precarious and remote. A Reform Bill is necessarily the work of the last session of a Parliament (which means incidentally that in a dispute with the Lords it can gain nothing from the Campbell-Bannerman plan for circumventing the veto). At the best, then, we are doomed to another four years of protest and repression. The Reform Bill, when it comes, cannot stop far short of establishing manhood suffrage. The suffragist amendment would therefore convert it into a measure of adult suffrage. When the various "limited" Bills, which would have added about 1,250,000 women voters to the register were refused facilities, we were invariably told that such a reform was much too large to be carried, save on the responsibility of a Government. It is now suggested that the vastly larger step of enfranchising 7,500,000 women at once should be carried by the leaderless votes of private members. With none of the powerful women's organisations behind it, with neither party, and with no leader of national repute to back it in the country, without so much as the aid of the Liberal Whips, adult suffrage cannot, I fear, be carried. A single suffragist organisation in three years alone has held some 20,000 propagandist meetings for the "limited" Bill, and this, we are told, is not enough. I doubt if twenty meetings, and those obscure ones, have been held for adult suffrage. But the most fatal objection of all to this plan is virtually admitted by the Premier himself. He states that all parties are divided on the suffrage. It follows that if ever this reform is to be carried without Government aid, it must be by the consent of most of its adherents in all parties. But to stipulate in advance that it must take the form of adult suffrage is to alienate at once all the Conservative votes which helped to secure (and were necessary to secure) the substantial majority for Mr. Stanger's Bill. The Government in short, while affecting to be neutral, does, in fact, intervene to veto the only hopeful tactics. "You shall," it says, "have your chance; you will be allowed a free vote, but in return for this privilege we insist that you shall divide your forces." Mr. Asquith is at least frank. He avows his hostility, and with perfect consistency goes on to prescribe a plan of action which ensures defeat.

This insistence that woman's suffrage shall be carried, if at all, only as an incidental addition to a contentious Bill dealing with the intricacies of registration, with plural votes, London areas, the second ballot, and possibly redistribution, is an attempt to ignore a great issue as pedantic as it is insulting. I talked recently on this question with two Liberal leaders whose names are household words. Both excused the shelving of woman's suffrage, one on the ground that it is "a mere side-issue," the other because it is "a tremendous revolution." A "side-issue" for which in peaceful, plethoric England 430 women have gone to prison is to me as puzzling as a "revolution" which can be effected by an amendment interpolated in an irrelevant Bill. The removal of the disability of sex is a social rather than a political question, and demands separate treatment in a Bill which stirs no party passions. Those who think of women as a form of property or as the predestined satellites and ministers of men hold one view; those who think of them (in the Kantian phrase) as citizens in a "kingdom of ends" hold another. It is a fundamental division which cuts across the boundaries between parties. The vote is an engine which will have an immense power in bettering the economic position of all women workers, but its chief importance is that it will be the symbol of the new status of women, destined to revolutionise at once the way in which we think of them, and the way in which they think of themselves. To suggest the interpolation of such a reform in a Bill for remodelling electoral areas and abolishing plural votes is as reasonable as it would be to suggest the carrying of Irish Home Rule by an unofficial amendment to a Bill dealing with Welsh and Scottish local government. I should like to hear Mr. Redmond's views on the value of such an offer as that. So long as politicians refuse to take the women seriously, so long as they affect to ignore this central fact that they are fighting for the status of their sex and not for a symmetrical remodelling of our franchise, so long will the militant campaign continue, and with abundant justification. If no Government will assume

the responsibility, there remains only one way of escape—the passage in the first Session of the new Parliament, with the aid of men of good will on both front benches and with the friendly neutrality of the Government, of a simple measure removing the disability of sex. That issue settled early in the new Parliament, I hope, for my part, that the Government would go on to enlarge the boon by proposing adult suffrage before its close.

Meanwhile the horrors of this warfare are being wantonly aggravated. The hunger-strike is the sort of passive challenge to which a subject class naturally resorts (as the Quakers used to do), when it fails to persuade its nominal friends to effective action, and is too weak or too scrupulous to use a dangerous degree of force. "If you will not freely concede justice, at least you shall no longer merely ignore our claims; you shall choose between these two alternatives—to carry out what are after all your own principles, or else to persecute us." That I take to be the meaning of the women's protest; and to persecution it has now come. Forcible feeding, as Sir Victor Horsley has well said, is the "expedient of a weak Minister, and an outrage on a political offender." It is something worse than a painful and disgusting operation; it is a degradation which sears the spirit and breaks the will, in order to render possible the infliction of a degree of punishment out of all proportion either to the offence or to the sentence. Take, for example, the case of Miss Marsh, released last week from Birmingham after serving more than the normal period of her three months' sentence. She went in a spirited and beautiful girl of twenty-two. She came out, looking, as one who saw her put it, "like a bent and broken old woman." Her throat and chest were in continual pain, the result of 139 insertions of the stomach-tube. Her doctor certifies that she is "emaciated, as though recovering from a severe illness." She was, indeed, so weak that it was necessary to send a prison official with her by train to her home in Newcastle. It happened that during her imprisonment her father became mortally ill. Efforts were made to induce the Home Office to consent to her release, and she was willing to give her parole to refrain from militant action during the remainder of her full period of three months. But even the fortnight's "remission" allowed to ordinary prisoners was at first refused her, because by resisting the torture of the nasal tube she had forfeited the privileges of "good conduct." When at last, after serving two of the extra days, she was released, the tardy mercy came too late; her father died unconscious. It is a cold and deliberate malice which is pursuing these women. Another young girl, Miss Clarkson, was on Monday sentenced at Liverpool to two weeks in the second division for breaking windows, valued officially at 6d., during her imprisonment in the heat of August in a punishment cell. For four months the Home Office cherished its project of revenge, and at last, as the prosecution avowed, by its express instructions, the charge has been pressed home. What, I wonder, would be thought of a private individual who, to avenge the loss of 6d., prosecuted a private enemy after an interval of four months, knowing that imprisonment would involve starvation and torture? I will not use words to characterise such vindictiveness as this. I shall make my comment at the ballot-box in January. It lies with those of us who are not docile partisans to insist that this Minotaur Government shall cease to levy its tribute.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

32, Well Walk, Hampstead,

December 14th, 1909.

[Does Mr. Brailsford seriously believe that forcible feeding—objectionable as we think it to be—is a "vindictive" proceeding, or that this "Minotaur Government" has any other object in resorting to it than to avoid the death of prisoners for whose lives it is responsible?—*ED. NATION.*]

THE ULTIMATE BASIS OF AUTHORITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I will make one more effort—and I will promise you, sir, that it shall be an expiring effort—to keep "Liberal Voter" to the point. But he is rather a nimble controversialist. Apparently he does not adhere even to

the same anonymous signature. One week he is "Liberal Voter," another week he is "M. A." At all events, "Liberal Voter" feels himself called upon to defend "M. A.'s" letter. If I am mistaken in my identification and he is not "two single gentlemen rolled into one," he must please blame, not me, but his anonymity and his double.

Anyhow, he is nimble enough in shifting his ground. The exact point at issue is whether force is or is not the last resort of defied authority. I have, practically, put the question to him, "If force is not the last resort, what is?" To this he does not reply, unless it be a reply to suggest (by implication) that a powerful majority of the male population, if beaten at the polls by the help of a preponderance of women votes, might find a substitute for force in the passive resistance of the early Christians.

When I put in what I deemed its true relation to the "last resort" Hume's dictum that government was founded upon opinion, he says that I "let Hume alone."

When I interpret Professor Dicey's citation of Hume by his express statement that "government itself depends at bottom upon force," he says that Professor Dicey is on my side as a pamphleteer, but not as a philosopher.

When I summon Mr. Bryce also to witness for me, he produces a quotation in which Mr. Bryce, who is opposed to woman suffrage, describes it as a less fearsome thing politically than socially.

When I point out that men alone can be soldiers, he ranks this as my "funniest" argument, because women can be nurses.

When I contend that force is obviously the last resort, he flings St. Augustine and Horace at my head, as if "justice" were the last resort, and as if I dreamt that anything but justice could employ force with any hope of final success, as when injustice, with force, met justice, with force also, in our Parliamentary struggle against Charles the First and in the American Civil War. Nor when he talks of justice does he tell us what his "justice" is, but leaves us to conclude that he holds it just (or, as Mill would have said, expedient) for the weaker sex, if it has votes enough, to govern, and for political power to correspond to tax-paying.

Lastly, when I imagine a quite possible case in which the majority of women might, on some burning question of public policy, side with a minority of men, he twists my idea into that of the "two sexes ranged into hostile camps," and rebukes me sapiently for forgetting that "men and women attract each other." With what political result, may I ask? That they all find themselves on the same side? Perhaps "Liberal Voter," or "M. A.," or both, will pursue this vague conception till he (or they) can enable us to understand where it comes in.

But controversy conducted on "Liberal Voter's" nimble principles might go on for ever. To argue with such a disputant at intervals of a fortnight is utterly inadequate. To speak in metaphor from the Wild West, his hand needs spiking upon the table while the card is in it.

When a man, being persecuted in one city, flees to another, the only resource is to leave him there. And that is what I propose henceforth to do, having indeed but little leisure for the chase of mere agility. Thanking you for your courtesy.—Yours, &c.,
JOHN MASSIE.

Oxford, December 11th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Dr. Massie does not, it appears, traverse my contention that voters record their opinions and representatives are selected on grounds wholly unconnected with force whether in its primitive physical form or in its modern incarnation of highly organised armies and navies. But he asserts that, although our representatives are not soldiers, they belong to the sex which alone can be soldiers. Was there ever set forth a claim of oligarchical privilege so naked and unashamed? One figures to oneself some white-haired country solicitor thus addressing a group of recalcitrant suffragettes: "It is not through any intellectual or pecuniary considerations that I possess a vote. Many of you are my equals in wealth and in education; not a few doubtless surpass me in mental acumen, in political insight, and in all that makes for good citizenship. It is true also

that personally I am not a soldier. If I held a loaded revolver in my hand those of my friends who were wise would bolt promptly for cover; should I succeed in ascending a horse one side, it would be only to descend with much accelerated velocity on the other. But no matter. I belong to the sex which produces soldiers, and therefore I possess that vote for which you so impotently clamor."

So much for the ethical aspect. And few will share Dr. Massie's apprehension of some future Civil War, when the voters shall forsake the polling booths to join in some grand Armageddon—"like 1645, only better." Things are not settled in that way now in civilised States. The existence of large and highly organised navies and standing armies, the invention of high explosives, machine guns and long range weapons of precision, have rendered the old methods of revolution for ever obsolete. That is why the revolution failed in Russia. Governments now possess weapons of overwhelming strength to crush malcontents; hence constitutional changes can only be effected by altering the opinions or the personnel of the governing body. As a matter of fact the military are employed more and more rarely in these islands; the last experiment at Belfast was distinctly discouraging.

Nor can one treat very seriously the chimera of some contested question in which the women voters shall stand mainly on one side and the men on the other. Women are human beings like ourselves, and, like ourselves, are divided into groups of different shades of political opinions. The experience in Australia, in New Zealand, and in Finland is pretty decisive on this point. But let that pass; let us suppose such a position to arise where the women voters, relying on no force other than that conferred by the Constitution, should by a vote *en masse* carry a measure over the heads of the men. Does Dr. Massie believe that those male voters who have seen, without a thought of reverting to violence, a mere handful of men, not more than 350 in all, possessing absolutely no power except that given by the Constitution, in no way mentally distinguished from similar numbers of educated men, wreck Bill after Bill tendered by the people's representatives, obstruct for long years all progressive legislation, and finally trample on the most cherished rights of the Commons, does he believe that a nation of such voters would take up arms when a single obnoxious measure was carried by the votes of some six million women? If so, he will find few to agree with him.

In this letter I have necessarily confined myself to the practical aspects of the question. But all those of us who remember the arguments of Herbert Spencer concerning the sinister influence of militarism on national development, will regard with regret and disapproval the procuring from so dark and ill-omened a source of weapons to combat the just aspirations of one-half of the English people.—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD HOUGHTON.

Broomy Lodge, near Ringwood,
December 6th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to protest against what seems to me the very mischievous doctrine taught in Dr. Massie's letter under this heading?

To put it strongly, he seems to me to set Pilate above Christ. Does Hume anywhere say that Government founded on opinion must have force (physical and muscular force) as its last resort?

The quotation which Dr. Massie gives from Professor Dicey's last book is just that which made that little treatise seem to me a complete fallacy. Government is, indeed, founded on force, but not on physical force; not upon bayonets, but on that moral and spiritual force called Authority or Discipline, closely akin to Public Opinion, which can command the bayonets, and they obey it.

Our country is now engaged in a great Constitutional contest, in the discharge of a national duty—the election of the fittest persons to form the representative house. We shall discharge this duty, not by physical force, but by the simple power of will. If the qualification of a voter is the same as that of a soldier, why am I, who am nearly sixty-nine years old, still permitted to vote!—Yours, &c., T. WILSON.

Harpenden, December 6th.

[This controversy must now close. The letters to which Dr. Massie refers were not by the same writer.—ED., NATION.]

MAKING THE FOREIGNER PAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Rowland Hunt appears to belong to that class which believes if it says a thing often enough, true or untrue, it will come to be believed. Hence I am obliged again to tell him that an assumption and a fact are not the same thing.

Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, U.S.A., in an article lately published, says, regarding the Tariff Act of 1909, that the tariff is a tax added to the price of what the people consume in order to enable American manufacturers to pay "American" wages and retain the home market against the foreigner who is paying lower wages. For the collection of this tax the American "Captains of Industry" are made the people's tax-gatherers, but he shows that in effect the tariff has become the instrument of wholesale plunder, and is thus "an outrage upon the consuming public and a disgrace to the national Government."

Mr. Rowland Hunt will find it difficult to make Senator La Follette believe that the foreigner pays the import duties, and not he and his class. Hear his final words in regard to the results of the tariff system, a system invented to give monopoly opportunities to a limited number of manufacturers and proprietors, which Mr. Rowland Hunt and his fellows would like to see introduced into this tiny island of ours where a fiscal mistake means utter ruin:—

"These 'profits' are not profits, but are the fruits of 'graft' and theft, the plunderings of money gluttons run mad in their insatiate greed, piling fortune on fortune until their accumulated wealth has become a menace to Society, corrupting and dominating the people's Government."

The United Kingdom already sees the consequences, or a few of them, of a monopoly grown into a trust, in the liquor trade—it has captured the House of Lords, and will try and capture the constituencies through the public-house and its vile literature. If we, as a nation, are almost helpless now, what will happen to us if the disease spreads over all our commerce? This election is our Waterloo.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

December 12th, 1909.

SHERIDAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have seen one or two statements in your reviewer's depreciation of my book on Sheridan, with which I hope I may be permitted to deal, however imperfectly, for at present I am much occupied. No serious author cares to be impaled on pin points, or to see "vital" issues disregarded.

Throughout my two volumes I have insisted on Fox's growing suspicion and lasting disparagement of Sheridan, who was among his most attached, though he was also the most independent, of his friends. I have given a whole chain of unquestionable evidence from 1787 onwards up to the time of Fox's re-entrance into place. And I have pointed out and substantiated that in 1797—when Fox had seceded and retired from active opposition—Lord Moira emphatically declared that such suspicions ought never to have been entertained. Your reviewer, however, ignoring these general facts, and amiably suggesting that they are based on "flimsy" foundations, seeks to trip me up in a single excerpt from a letter which Fox wrote to Adair on November 25th, 1792. And he cites this as an instance of my "carelessness."

It is a point of construction. Even if your reviewer be right, and perhaps he may be, that would not upset my main position. But the construction of that letter is not quite such plain sailing as your reviewer fancies. He has omitted the context of events which he brushes away as a mere "quarrel between the two sections of the Whigs."

Let me briefly recall the crisis. At that moment of disruption the orthodox Whigs were on the verge of throwing Fox over and joining Pitt. Indeed, a letter from Grenville to Fox, received shortly after Fox's communication to Adair, is said to have decided a matter which the sway of Burke over Portland and the old guard had already rendered almost a certainty. Fox himself meditated an immediate secession, and that isolation from active politics which he

carried into effect some years afterwards. No wonder that he was despondent. The orthodox Whigs followed Burke in his vindication of the anti-Jacobin war; Grey and Sheridan had joined the semi-Jacobin club of the Friends of the People, and the Whigs were further split on all sides by their internal divergences as to the re-mooted question of Parliamentary Reform. But though Fox despaired of the situation, he soon afterwards actually allowed himself to attempt one of his repeated efforts at a junction with Pitt.

Under these circumstances Fox wrote that he had overheard Adair telling Sheridan that the Portlandites were ready for conciliation with the Foxites, or, as he wrote a little later, that they would "forgive"—a word that he could not stomach. He says that he can see no such disposition, but he is sure, he adds, that Grey, Sheridan, and Lauderdale are all "manageable men," and proof against the wiles of the revolutionary societies. I construed this to mean that they were "manageable" by those orthodox Whigs from whom Fox already meditated secession, or, in other words, that Fox, who certainly was not "manageable," doubted of Grey, Sheridan, and Lauderdale seceding with him. "Manageable" here is not an ordinary word to choose. Your reviewer, preferring letter to spirit, thinks "manageable" a compliment. Why, then, did not Fox use the word "reasonable"? Would it have been "complimentary" on the part of Mr. Gladstone when the Unionists deserted him to have called, say, the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt a "manageable" man? But let this pass. Let your reviewer's construction be correct, that does not, however, invalidate my ground, nor does it establish my "carelessness." I gave him the reference to track. So be it.

Your reviewer again takes me to task for suppressing a sentence which Fox used about his attitude of hostility towards two private conferences on the part of Sheridan with Warren Hastings's friends just before Fox brought in his India Bill. I should have thought a full citation unnecessary since I summarised it in the same part of my text by saying (Vol. 2, p. 43), "Fox flatly repudiated the slightest idea of 'proposal or accommodation,'" while immediately afterwards (p. 44) I continue in my argument (which, *pace* your reviewer, is one for probability not certainty), "When we remember that in 1787 Fox as flatly denied the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert," &c. Moreover, I did quote the piece about "the necessity" for Warren Hastings's "recall." Can, then, your reviewer be said to have read my text carefully? Is this a sample of my carelessness? And I must add that he does not inform the reader that I am the first to have brought these two conferences of 1783, and the debate on them in 1786, to light.

It would be ungracious to say much more. I can assure your reviewer that my inferences are not based on "flimsy" foundations; but on knowledge—and inner knowledge—more extensive than anyone can claim without the aid of documents.

I was, however, amazed to find him impugning me for neglecting Sheridan's humanitarian exertions. I have especially emphasised them, and I have dwelt on his approaching political problems from the standpoint of human sympathy. If I have not excerpted the prisons speech, it was because in presenting the political drama within the space of two volumes the main action was the most imperative. Nor was I less amazed at the suggestion that I had not included Sheridan's pranks, and your reviewer's appeal to the late gossip of Creevey.

Once more, he has left quite out of sight my analysis and presentation of Sheridan for the first time as a generous sentimental.

One last consideration, in all good humor. Taking the standpoint of the reviewer, I mislike the charity of his damnation. Why, if he attacks the whole, "admire" the industry, and be disappointed at the result. Why kindly suggest that I should edit the "Rolloiad"? I confess that a wild guess flitted through my mind as I read. Could it be that your reviewer himself had been one of Sheridan's bygone commentators?

After all, this is the old quarrel between the "men of leaves" and the "men of letters," and I hope that your readers will test the review by perusing the book, which I can assure its censor is standing quite firmly on its own feet.

Nor should I have troubled you (or myself) in these matters, were it not that he looked so wise, and shook his head so solemnly.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER SICHEL.

December 9th, 1909.

P.S.—As regards carelessness in trifles, "prevent," in your review, should stand "pervert," and "Creevy" "Creevey."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It would be a pleasure to be able to share Mr. Sichel's genuine enthusiasm for his book, or his confidence in his "inner knowledge" of his subject. Unfortunately, I can only judge of his ability to make use of documents that are private by the use he makes of documents that are public. I gave a few examples of his want of care in mastering and presenting the facts on which his conclusions depend. In two of these instances he thinks my criticisms unjust and superficial. I am obliged, therefore, to return to them.

Mr. Sichel contends that Fox's letter to Adair can be taken as showing that Fox at that time suspected both Sheridan and Grey. I contend that this construction is impossible. Let me give the letter:—

November 26th, 1792.

DEAR ADAIR.—Notwithstanding the apparent good spirits you saw me in, the truth is that what I saw and heard in London has made a most deep and painful impression on my mind; and I grow very doubtful about the possibility of preserving those connections which I love and esteem as much as ever, and without which I do not feel that I ever can act in political matters with any satisfaction to myself.

My reason for writing to you upon this now, is that I overheard you say to Sheridan that there was much disposition in what is called the aristocratic party of the party to concede and conciliate; and though I confess this is totally contrary to my own observation, I cannot help catching at anything that gives me the least glimpse of hope. Perhaps you only said this to Sheridan in order to inspire him and others with similar dispositions to those which you described on the other side, and this I fear to be the case, for I must repeat that not one symptom of the kind has appeared to me. If any such disposition existed, I cannot help thinking that on the other side I should have weight enough to produce a correspondent disposition, if it did not exist without my interposition. I am sure that Lauderdale, Grey, and Sheridan, are all manageable men and the rascals of the democratic party (for there are such on all sides) have not set their wits to pervert them, in the way that those on the aristocratic side have to pervert the Duke of Portland, Fitzwilliam, Windham, &c. Just as I was leaving town yesterday, I heard a report that Lord Loughborough had accepted the Great Seal, but I have reason to fear that it is not true. That event would open many eyes, and I should be full of hopes that the destruction of the Whigs was not irrevocably predestined. The circumstances of the times ought rather to excite you to going on with your plan than to deter you from it, if you have spirits for it.

Yours ever,

C. J. FOX.

If Mr. Courtney had tried in 1886 to reconcile Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington, and Mr. Gladstone had written to Mr. Courtney saying that he had overheard him tell Sir William Harcourt that Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington were conciliatory, and that he was sure that if that was the case, he (Mr. Gladstone) would have some influence with Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, for they were both "manageable men," could anybody in his senses pretend that manageable meant that they were likely to desert Mr. Gladstone? What Mr. Sichel means by saying that he first brought to light the debate of 1786, or the communication between Sheridan and Scott in 1783, I cannot imagine. These speeches were not buried away in some remote hiding place; they are published in the collected speeches of Fox and Sheridan, and thousands of obscure people besides myself must have read them years before Mr. Sichel discovered them. My complaint was and is that Mr. Sichel tries to refute Dr. Parr's evidence, as given by Moore, the most important evidence there is on the subject, by representing that evidence as inconsistent with Fox's own words in the House of Commons. There is no such inconsistency, as anyone will see who turns to the speech from which Mr. Sichel quoted a fragment of a sentence.

As for Mr. Sichel's defence of his neglect of Sheridan's social and humanitarian policy, I have only to say that his book runs to over a thousand pages (not counting appendices), that it finds room for such events as a performance of Sheridan's plays in 1909, and yet it contains

the barest mention of Sheridan's share in the agitation about the Coldbaths prison, and no mention at all of his great speeches against the Combination Laws. A statesman who had played Sheridan's part in those affairs would, I imagine, prefer that his biographer should mention them, rather than that he should analyse his hero as a "generous sentimental" Mr. Sichel is never careless in trifles.—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER OF MR. SICHEL'S "SHERIDAN."

December 14th, 1909.

Poetry.

THE REVOLUTIONIST: OR, LINES TO A STATESMAN.

"I was never standing by while a Revolution was going on."
Speech by the Right Hon. Walter Long.

WHEN death was on thy drums, democracy,
And with one rush of slaves the world was free,
In that high dawn that Kings shall not forget,
A void there was, and Walter was not yet.
Through sacked Versailles, at Valmy in the fray,
They did without him in some kind of way;
Red Christendom all Walterless they cross,
And in their fury hardly feel their loss
Fades the Republic; faint as Roland's horn,
Her trumpets taunt us with a sacred scorn.
Then silence fell: and Mr. Long was born.

From his first hours in his expensive cot,
He never saw the tiniest viscount shot;
In deference to his wealthy parents' whim,
The mildest massacres were kept from him;
The wars that dyed Pall Mall and Brompton red,
Passed harmless o'er that one unconscious head:
For all that little Long could understand,
The rich might still be rulers of the land;
Vain are the pious arts of parenthood,
Foiled revolution bubbled in his blood:
Until one day (the babe unborn shall rue it)
The Constitution bored him: and he slew it.

If I were wise and good and rich and strong—
Fond, impious thought, if I were Walter Long—
If I could water sell like molten gold,
And make grown people do as they are told,
If over private fields and wastes, as wide
As a Greek city for which heroes died,
I owned the houses and the men inside—
If all this hung on one thin thread of habit,
I would not revolutionise a rabbit.

I would sit tight, with all my gifts and glories,
And even preach to unconverted Tories
That the fixed system that our land inherits,
Viewed from a certain standpoint, has its merits,
I'd guard the laws like any Radical,
And keep each precedent, however small,
However subtle, musty, dusty, dreamy,
Lest men by chance should look at me and see me.
Lest men should ask what madman made me lord
Of English ploughshares and the English sword;
Lest men should mark how sleepy is the nod
That drills the dreadful images of God;
Walter, be wise: avoid the wild and new,
The Constitution is the game for you:
Walter, beware; scorn not the gathering throng,
It suffers, yet it may not suffer wrong;
It suffers: but it cannot suffer Long.
And if you goad it these grey rules to break,
For a few pence; see that you do not wake
Death and the splendor of the scarlet cap,
Boston and Valmy, Yorktown and Jemmapes,
Freedom in arms, the riding and the routing,
The thunder of the captains and the shouting;
All that lost riot that you did not share—
And when that riot comes . . . you will be there.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Reviews.

TRAGIC LIFE.*

It is remarkable that the two greatest novelists of our time (or of the time that is just ending) should both have written poetry of a kind that is possibly more individual and more challenging than their prose fiction. Perhaps, however, that is not so very remarkable; although at first blush one might suppose a novelist would put his most intense work into the form of art which had become the chief nature of his creative mind. But if he does not make of his poetry a pleasant escape from peering into the keen weather of reality, he will be likely to make it the quintessence of his inspiration. George Meredith was not the man, and Mr. Thomas Hardy is certainly not the man, to desire any escape from reality; and therefore we find that the poetry of each is of this quintessential, intensely personal kind. We have no intention of concluding from this that the poetry of Meredith and Mr. Hardy is of more worth than their novels; it would be a rash brain that would attempt to decide the question of values in such a matter. But it is a point worth remembering when we consider the critical estimates placed upon the fiction and the poetry of these two great writers. The poetry of the man whose main intellectual habit has been poetry, will rarely be the quintessence of his inspiration; for he will probably find it convenient, both for himself and for those to whom he ministers, to employ, like an apothecary, some vehicle to carry the essence. The same may be said of the man whose chief mental activity has been inventing fiction; his novels will contain his inspiration enclosed in a comparatively inert vehicle. And while the inspiration is the vital and important thing, it is often the vehicle that makes it assimilable and not too confounding in its pungency. For an essence, in truth, is not always a very potable liquor; its flavors are too burning and too amazing for many palates, and, it may be, its fierce medicinal qualities too noticeable.

It is easy to see, then, that many who will delightedly drink of an inspiration when it is mixed and somewhat dulcified in a vehicle, in a novel, for instance, will find the same inspiration rather choking and perhaps repellent when they meet with it in essence. This has been true of many of Mr. Hardy's lyrical poems—for what we have been saying obviously cannot apply to "The Dynasts"; and we are sure it will be true of Mr. Hardy's latest volume of lyrics, "Time's Laughingstocks." Putting "The Dynasts," which everyone now acknowledges to be a splendid piece of work, on one side, many of Mr. Hardy's sincerest admirers have seriously doubted whether his poetical work could be in any way reckoned as considerable as his fiction, whether, indeed, he could be properly reckoned a poet at all. We believe this to be largely due to the fact that, not desiring to mix, as in his novels, his utterance with any vehicular stuff, he has in his poems reduced the mighty but disconcerting inspiration of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "Jude the Obscure" to a harsh, fiery essence, an essence in many ways even more disconcerting than the heady spirit of Meredith's poetry. And in "Time's Laughingstocks" Mr. Hardy's tremendous power is more disconcertingly essentialized than ever. It follows, moreover, that his poetry, being of this nature, will, like Meredith's, be written in a style in sharp contrast with most contemporary poetical styles; we find in it so little of what modern poetry gives us, so much that modern poetry carefully avoids, that many may, not excusably, yet not unnaturally, wonder if we can strictly call such writing poetry, or at any rate good poetry. Another reason for the misprision of Mr. Hardy's poetry is one that it is not possible to combat, and that is, the common English disinclination to believe that a man who has famously succeeded in one form of art can also succeed as notably in another, quite different form. This prejudice, the unusual manner of his verse, and the intensely concentrated iron-bitter spirit of it, have all worked against Mr. Hardy's reputation as a poet. Yet, as in the parallel but widely separated instance of Meredith, we believe that Mr.

Hardy's poetry will come to be recognised as being quite as notable and as honorable as his fiction.

Anyone who desires that poetry should show the way to keen, delicious raptures of thought and feeling, that it should always be ecstatic adoration of the First Beauty, will assuredly be disappointed in "Time's Laughingstocks." But there is never anything to be gained by limiting in our critical ideas the scope and purpose of poetry; and there is, moreover, a very large body of magnificent poetry in our literature to which Mr. Hardy's verse corresponds exactly, both in its positive and its negative qualities, its achievement, and its austerity. The primary aim of Mr. Hardy's poetry is the exhibition of tragic life, of the ceaseless conflict between the conscious personal will in life and "the all-immanent Will" that wields the "vast material pomp of force." So that he can do this, he is not greatly concerned about the sweet concord of words; the tragedy is the thing. And Mr. Hardy has now arrived at a marvellous precision and nicety of practice. He can give us in a few stanzas the whole bitter, struggling tragedy of a life, the consciousness of a man or a woman trapped in the ruthless procession of the world and hurried clean against personal will into anguish. There are few tears in Mr. Hardy's poetry; the sorrow of the life we see in it is dry-eyed, an agony too sharp for weeping. To be presented, in perhaps half a hundred lines, with a tragedy that would have been powerful enough if written out in a full-length novel, is something that many will hardly desire. Yet we think Mr. Hardy's example an extremely salutary one to the poets of to-day, who tend to remove their work further and further from the hard, pitiable experiences of every-day humanity. To find anything closely comparable to Mr. Hardy's poetry, we must go back to the old ballads; not to the supernatural, riding, or battle ballads, but to those noble ones which deal with tragic events among ordinary people. Dunbar speaks of "ballat-making" and "tragedie" in a breath; and many of the ballads deserve the dignity for their intense preoccupation with and profound knowledge of the human soul. This is the spirit of Mr. Hardy's poems; but to this is superadded a great speculative vision of the general drift of a world-enthralled humanity. There is no poetry of our time, and little, outside the dramatic, in all our literature, that can equal Mr. Hardy's, especially in this latest volume of his, for a revelation of tragic life. In most of the poems of "Time's Laughingstocks," the villain of the piece is, as we might expect, Time itself; it is astonishing, for instance, how frequently and with what tremendous effect Mr. Hardy uses such a trite theme as the decay of a woman's charm. Throughout the volume there are only a few poems that we cannot call the distillation into its perfect essence of a human tragedy. The urge of sex is evident in most; Mr. Hardy's vision of life is too true to underestimate the terrible value of passion in the human play. And in every tragedy there is some psychological subtlety that makes it unique. "A Trampwoman's Tragedy," the dreadful but superb "Sunday Morning Tragedy," "The Flirt's Tragedy"—these are perhaps the three greatest poems. But in "A Wife and Another" and "The Noble Lady's Tale," we have situations not mortally tragic, but nevertheless revealing the bare lineaments of character, as quicklime reveals the bones of a corpse, in a way that makes them altogether unforgettable. There are several poems that cannot come quite under the heading of tragedy, such as some brilliant sonnets and the (usually ironic) love-poems; or as a few philosophic lyrics, like "Wagtail and Baby" and "Yell-ham-wood's Story," or the fine poem on George Meredith; or again the remarkable version of the old legend of Christ's fatherhood, "Panthera," or those poems which are direct questionings, of, or, rather, accusations against, the Power behind life.

All these are fine; but the most notable contributions to English poetry in this volume are, after all, those poems which are poems chiefly by virtue of their intense concentration of tragic human life. Matter and manner are absolutely married in Mr. Hardy's verse. It is never a subject enclosed in poetry; seldom can we find in it any decorative phrasing, words not demanded by the central emotion. It is the common rough experience of humanity, not joined to poetry, but made poetry, fused into poetry. And when we say that the subject, the tragedy, is the thing in Mr. Hardy's

* "Time's Laughingstocks, and Other Verses." By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

poetry, we must by no means be understood to mean that he is careless of technique. On the contrary, the technique is exceedingly highly wrought, and usually takes the form of a difficult but ringing stanza, and a very strict system of rhyme. We will quote the opening stanzas of three poems; they will show the purity of his diction as well as the softness of his metres and rhymes. Only those, however, who read the whole book can fully realise the extraordinary appropriateness of the diction and the metre to the mood. This is the beginning of "The Revisitation," an ironic story of love lost and found:—

"As I lay awake at night-time
In an ancient country barrack known to ancient cannoneers,
And recalled the hopes that heralded each seeming brave and
bright time
Of my primal purple years."

Here is the first verse of "A Trampwoman's Tragedy," a magnificent ballad of a jest's grim consequence, a tale that would have made a noble play:—

"From Wynyard's Gap the livelong day,
The livelong day,
We beat afoot the northward way
We had travelled times before.
The sun-blaze burning on our backs,
Our shoulders sticking to our packs,
By fosseway, fields, and turnpike tracks
We skirted sad Sedge-Moor."

And here is the stanza of "The Rash Bride," a swinging measure that makes the sorry tale all the more pitiable:—
"We Christmas-caroled down the Vale, and up the Vale, and round
the Vale.

We played and sang that night as we were yearly wont to do—
A carol in a minor key, a carol in the major D.
Then at each house: 'Good wishes: many Christmas joys to
you!'"

Now are lines memorable for themselves lacking; though in poetry of such austere and elemental nature they are necessarily rare. But who could forget this admirable line? :

"The wind of winter moored and mouthed their chimney like a horn."
And there is plenty of phrasing as fine as this, of a child-birth:—

"Source of ecstatic hopes and fears
And innocent maternal vanity,
Your fond exploit but shapes for tears
New thoroughfares in sad humanity."

But no poet is so difficult to represent in quotation as Thomas Hardy, for the simple reason that we must quote each poem in entirety to show its real greatness, its vivid revelation of psychology, and the perfect union of theme and medium. For Hardy-enthusiasts it is worth mentioning, perhaps, that *Marty South* and the *Mellstock Quire* reappear, the appearance of the latter, for those who can read it properly, being as grievous a tragedy as any; and throughout the book it is *Wessex, Wessex* all the way.

For spiritual exaltation or for radiant visionary beauty, we must, assuredly, go to other poets; but for a vision of humanity, of humanity nobly and stubbornly enduring slings and arrows, for stern questionings of comfortable morality ("A Wife and Another," and "The Dark-Eyed Gentleman" force us, in a few verses, to see morality for ourselves as clearly as any whole play of Ibsen's), for high and purging tragedy made, not out of the lives of queens and princes, but out of the lives of tramps and farm-women—for such qualities as these we can go to no poet of our time but to Thomas Hardy.

THE CHARACTER OF ATTERBURY.*

It must be held a misfortune to a man that his life should be written only by those who have little sympathy with his views. Many readers know little of Atterbury except what they have learned from Macaulay, and Macaulay's sketch is not a complete presentation of the Bishop's career and character. It does not set the literary activity of that career in its due proportions, and it reduces to one the various motives, good and bad, which prompted its political acts. It was well, therefore, that Dr. Beeching should tell again the story of that turbulent life. The biographer

has been able to correct Macaulay in some minor points, and he has justly assigned to the "Defence of Lather" a higher value than Macaulay set on it. Moreover he has shown that with Atterbury the passion for what he accounted orthodoxy was at least as strong a motive as personal ambition. We make this acknowledgment at once, because we must contend that Dr. Beeching has been unfair to Macaulay, and, in particular, has brought against the historian a grave charge which can by no means be justified.

In 1722 Walpole obtained proof that Atterbury was organising a Jacobite conspiracy. Thereupon he sought an interview with the Bishop at his Deanery of Westminster. It seems that he wished by means of a bribe to save Atterbury from himself and the Ministry from that step which, in the end, it found itself obliged to take. According to Atterbury's statement, Walpole's offer included the reversion of the bishopric of Winchester and an immediate pension of £5,000 a year. Dr. Beeching says that this bishopric was understood to be his price. In fact, though Dr. Beeching makes no references to this, Atterbury had expressed a greater liking for the see of London, but the point is of little moment. Whatever the offer was, Atterbury, not then knowing that his correspondence had been betrayed, refused to accept it. Of this incident Macaulay makes no mention. On his omission Dr. Beeching comments thus: "Macaulay, who had read everything, must have known that Atterbury had refused Walpole's bribe of the bishopric of Winchester; but that fact, which would have interfered with the color scheme of his political portrait, he ignores; and attributes Atterbury's hostility to the house of Hanover to the loss of his hopes of the Archbishopric, and the contemptuous rejection by King George of his 'servility' at the Coronation." This cannot mean less than that Macaulay deliberately suppressed a circumstance in order to give a false color to the Bishop's character. It is easy to suggest several less dishonorable reasons for the omission. It may have been accidental. In the passage quoted, Dr. Beeching does not inform us that the see was not vacant, nor does he anywhere else inform us that it was not likely to be vacant. It had been filled up less than a year ago by the appointment of a man who was younger than Atterbury and could hardly hope for promotion, since York was younger than either, and Canterbury so late that he survived all three. It could not have been foreseen that the Bishop of Winchester would die some year and a half later. Since these circumstances diminish the value of the offer, if not also the likelihood of its having been made, was not Dr. Beeching as much bound to mention them as Macaulay to mention the bribe? Again, Macaulay may have thought that, since we have only Atterbury's word for the form of an offer made by word of mouth, the whole matter must be considered dubious. But the true explanation, it may be suggested, is that Macaulay thought the incident of too little moment to be mentioned in a brief sketch. Macaulay has nowhere suggested that Atterbury could be tempted by money, and what temptation could he have to sell his soul and lose his friends for a price which he was not likely to receive, and that at a moment when he thought that his conspiracy would succeed, that England would be invaded, and himself become the great man under a restored dynasty? Thus Macaulay might well have mentioned the incident without affecting the color of his portrait. Had he been a dishonest chronicler he might have used the incident to heighten his colors. Atterbury had shown his ambition by taking the oaths in order to keep place and pay. The Tories themselves suspected him at this time of a desire to make terms with the Ministry. He might have been represented as refusing an offer which was below his price. We do not think that this would be a true picture, but it would not be easy to prove the contrary.

Again, it is incorrect to say that Macaulay ascribes Atterbury's hostility towards the house of Hanover to his baffled hopes of the Archbishopric. He contends, and for the truth of this view we have the culprit's own word, that this hostility was active while Anne was still on the throne, while the Tories were still in power, and when he might well hope to succeed the almost octogenarian occupant of Lambeth. What Macaulay does ascribe to the loss of hopes is the renewal of Atterbury's Jacobite activity in 1717. According to Atterbury's own statement, one on which Dr. Beeching makes no comment, there was no renewal because

* "Francis Atterbury." By H. C. Beeching. Pitman. 3s. 6d. net.

there had been no cessation. Dr. Beeching ascribes the renewal to various causes, to the triumph of the Whig system and to Atterbury's love for the Convocation of Canterbury, which, having started on a congenial heresy-hunt, had been in effect suppressed. By accepting the renewal as a fact, Dr. Beeching casts, as we shall endeavor to show, a worse slur upon the character of his "good man" than any that can be found in Macaulay.

Dr. Beeching makes no attempt to defend Atterbury's perjuries, and admits that Macaulay is entitled to all the moral advantage of the Whig position. Nevertheless, he shrinks from setting out the perjuries in their full enormity. In his pages an ignorant reader would not discover, and a careless reader might well forget, that Atterbury took not only the Oath of Allegiance, but also the Oath of Abjuration, by which he disowned the Pretender "without equivocation or mental reservation on the true faith of a Christian." On the treason, we are to take account, says Dr. Beeching, of the circumstances and the standard of the times. "We do not call Marcus Brutus a 'bad man' because he conspired against Julius Cæsar." Perhaps not, though Dante did, and Mommsen has found plenty to say against the thin-witted and self-satisfied usurer, of whom a fancy picture has descended to us from Plutarch through Shakespeare. But the cases are not parallel, for Brutus had taken no Oath of Abjuration. Ah, says our biographer, but Atterbury's perjuries "followed inevitably from his Jacobitism as soon as that ceased to be merely sentimental." It is an ugly argument, but might pass if Atterbury's Jacobitism between 1714 and 1724 was merely sentimental. That it was not, we could hardly prove except from his own word. "I have for many years past," he wrote to the Pretender in 1717, "neglected no opportunity (and particularly no advantage my station afforded me) towards promoting the service." Dr. Beeching seems unconscious of the dilemma in which he is placed. If the letter was truthful, then Atterbury at the very moment of taking the oath was minded to break it, and this he could easily do without entering into direct communications with James. If the letter lied, an interpretation necessary to Dr. Beeching's defence, then Atterbury was claiming credit for services which he had not rendered. We may doubt whether Atterbury did not lose all sense of the difference between truthfulness and mendacity. Nevertheless, Dr. Beeching writes that "one of the things which amazes the ordinary person in the Bishop's defence is the lawyer-like skill with which he handled" those letters of his which he averred to be forgeries. The ordinary person must be as simple as Jeanie Deans, who was astonished at the self-possession with which her sister sustained her part. "I daresay you are surprised at it," said Lady Staunton, "for you have been truth itself from your cradle upwards; but you must remember that I am a liar of fifteen years' standing, and therefore must by this time be used to my character." If we are to make allowance for Atterbury, we must claim it also for his adversary. Dr. Beeching, in denouncing the Bill of Pains and Penalties, gives Walpole no credit for abstaining, with his characteristic dislike of bloodshed, from a Bill of Attainder, which would have had many precedents, was demanded by many voices, and would have been applauded by more. Nor can the injustice of a tribunal, though rightly denounced by the criminal at the moment, be pleaded in face of conclusive evidence at the bar of history.

Dr. Beeching protests that Macaulay took care that Atterbury, as a Tory dog, did not get the best of it, and he has clearly set himself to write impartially. Nevertheless, we cannot follow the points which he makes against the Whigs. He declares that there was "something mean in the hurrying on of the execution of the rebel lords, so that Kenmure had to apologise for the indecency of having no black clothes to die in." Kenmure pleaded guilty on January 19th, was sentenced on February 19th, and executed on the 24th. Monmouth was committed to the Tower on a Monday and beheaded on the next Wednesday, and Russell suffered within a week of his sentence. Again, Dr. Beeching holds that, after the accession of King George, there ought to have been, if possible, a coalition Ministry. Here he forgets two things. In the last days of Queen Anne, Swift and Bolingbroke had urged Harley to turn every Whig out of office. The politician sneered, and the divine gnashed his teeth at the dilatoriness of "the Dragon," as they called

Harley, which alone kept a single Whig in his place. Nevertheless the first Hanoverian Ministry, though Dr. Beeching has forgotten it, actually was a coalition. For eighteen months no less a place than the Presidency of the Council was held by the leader of the anti-Jacobite Tories. Could Dr. Beeching name any other Tory who by character or services could claim a place in the Cabinet? We can think of none but Dartmouth, and Dartmouth, who remained a staunch Hanoverian, seems to have retired by his own choice. And when Dr. Beeching avows Macaulay had no right to call the Jacobite opposition factious, we must call its own men as witnesses. The Jacobite leaders, said the exiled Atterbury, would make terms if only they could get office. Hearne, who gave up place for the cause, is as decisive in his testimony, though he avowed himself sorry to give it. The Tories, he says, behaved themselves with very little courage or integrity; they have acted contrary to their principles, but the Whigs, as they professed bad principles, so they have acted accordingly, not in the least receding from what they have laid down as principles. There were honest Jacobites, but hardly among the political leaders.

We have no right to be hard on Atterbury. He was in a difficult position, and, to retain place and pay, he succumbed to a temptation which might have been too much for most of us. There was something genuine in his Toryism, something attractive in his private life; but, if he must be compared with Walpole, it must be added that Walpole would either never have taken an oath to a restored Stuart, or, having taken it, would have kept it.

THE EARLIER WESLEY.*

THE day of diaries is over. When books were scarce and periodicals few it was natural that people should commit the narrative of their lives, their personal and family history, to writing. Under the changed conditions of modern life, there is neither the need of nor the inclination to this lengthy process; the historian of the future will take his material, not from the carefully transcribed manuscript dear to our ancestors, but from the printed page. The industry of these old diarists is amazing. As early as April, 1725, Wesley began to keep a diary. The original is extant, but the cypher and the obsolete shorthand employed make its interpretation difficult. The present volume, the first of the Standard Edition now being prepared, contains Wesley's early life in the light of unpublished diaries; a description and analysis of his first Oxford diary—he kept four; the letter to Richard Morgan on the rise and design of Oxford Methodism; and—this is the substance of the book—the Georgian episode from the embarkation at Gravesend in the autumn of 1735 to the return to England early in 1738. Finally, we have the journal of the opening months of his home ministry, February 1st—June 13th, 1738.

Its religious aspect apart, "Wesley's Journal" is a historical source of the first consequence. As literature, few romances have such a power to interest and absorb the reader. Nowhere do we find so full, so vivid, so comprehensive an account of England in the Hanoverian period as here. That the world was his parish was no empty boast. From one end of the country to the other the indefatigable preacher travelled, mixing with men of all sorts and conditions, making it his business to win their confidence, observing their habits, recording their casual talk and the actions of their everyday life. "Quidquid agunt homines"; human nature is the stuff of the book. Had Wesley been a Catholic, he would have been canonised, and the man lost in a mist of edifying fiction. As it is, the strongly marked features make us wonder how hagiography would have fared had tradition preserved the saints, not as the pious imagination of a later age pictured them, but as they were. For Wesley's foibles were prominent, and his faults undeniable; he was a very eminent and a very excellent, but, at least at this stage of his life, not a very lovable man.

He began life as a High Churchman. In his day the term denoted no Romeward tendencies either in teaching

* "The Journal of John Wesley." Edited by Nehemiah Curnock. Vol. I. Standard Edition. Culley. 21s.

or ceremonial: what it signified was an antipathy to dissent, a rather wooden adherence to the Anglican canons and rubrics, and that magnifying of the clerical office which is a pitfall to the minister as well as to the priest. In some respects, indeed, it is more mischievous in the former than in the latter case. The Catholic clergyman, great as are his claims, is limited in his exercise of them by the authority of his superiors, the laws of his communion, and the public opinion of his flock; the Protestant, if he undertakes the task of director, assumes an office unrecognised by the community in which he ministers, and is in a law to himself. A sensible Jesuit would have made short work with Wesley's meddlesomeness. The system of direction is detestable; but, if we must have directors, let them be professionals, not amateurs.

He undertook the mission to Georgia, it appears, from fear for his own soul, rather than zeal for the salvation of others; there is "no evidence," says the editor, "that his call to evangelise the Indians was of God." Law expressed his disapproval of the project harshly enough—it was the idea, he said, of a crack-brained enthusiast: others put it down to ambition—the establishment of an American episcopate had been mooted; the simplicity of the evangelist was not yet his. Among his fellow passengers was a company of German Moravians; men, he writes, who "have left all for their Master, and who have indeed learned of Him, being meek and lowly, dead to the world, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." They were the only people on board with whom, it seems, he had no differences during the voyage: before the vessel had left the Downs we find him "disputing" with Mrs. Walker, a sick passenger, and finding his brother Charles "perverse." He mixed himself up, unnecessarily and indiscreetly, in the quarrels that broke out between the various members of the party; and, as it included a considerable number of females, he had ample reason to regret his intervention. He was attracted by women: "neither by nature nor by vocation," Mr. Curnock assures us, "was he a loveless celibate." But it may be doubted whether any man was ever so tactless in his dealings with those of the opposite sex, or so ignorant of their distinctive qualities: he was incapable of holding aloof where women were in question, and he was easily deceived. Two of those on board, Mrs. Welch and Mrs. Hawkins,

"were, as we now know, and as Charles Wesley and Ingham at the time firmly believed, consummate hypocrites. John Wesley never saw it, and his amazing credulity nearly cost him his life, and drove him from Fredericks back to the still graver perils of Savannah. Under the brief entries in the Diary are hidden the beginnings of a tragedy which, however small and sordid in itself, was fraught with stupendous consequences to Wesley, his brother, and many others."

Spangenberg put his finger on the weak point when he counselled him, in the words of a Kempis, to "be intimate with no woman; but in general to recommend all good women to God." To converse much with her—Mrs. Hawkins—he said frankly, might be dangerous: let him speak to her in few words and seldom; God would do the rest. A long series of unpleasantnesses culminated in the "Sophy" episode, in which Wesley appeared in the mixed part of judge, priest, and lover. It ended in his leaving the colony, in defiance of the magistrates, but probably not without their connivance. Rightly or wrongly, he was a disturbing element in the little community. A candid friend seems to have expressed the prevalent opinion—

"All your sermons are satires upon particular persons, therefore I will never hear you more; and all the people are of my mind. Besides they say they are Protestants. But as for you, they cannot tell what religion you are of. They never heard such a religion before. They do not know what to make of it. And then your private behavior—all the quarrels that have been here since you came have been 'long of you. Indeed, there is neither man nor woman in the town who minds a word you say."

Reflection brought wisdom: in later years he acknowledged that his ministerial discipline at Savannah had been mistaken and unwise.

Meanwhile under the outward shell the inner man was maturing. A great change had taken place, as such changes do, unconsciously, and was on the eve of manifesting itself. The teaching of the Moravians with regard to conversion and the new birth had found a soil prepared for it in his heart. It was to him what justification by faith had been to

Luther—a deliverance from the old self and from the Law. Its setting was that of the time and place; but the doctrine itself was true to experience and human nature. It is probable that the New as well as the Old Theology can provide it with a framework; and it is certain that to men of a certain temperament it is the secret of interior peace. On Wesley it acted like a charm. Scales fell from his eyes; fetters from his hands; the Methodist revival had begun.

To an organised Church, with its routine, its institutions, and inevitable and necessary legalism, enthusiasm is suspect: it was on the ruins of an enthusiastic Christianity that the Catholicism of the Second Century rose. Nor were valid pretexts wanting—fanaticism, the unsettling of the weak, the danger of antinomianism, &c. Wesley found church after church closed to him: he was met by the universal formula, "Sir, you must preach here no more." It is probable that there were two sides to the matter: the opposition of so excellent a man as Butler is not lightly to be explained away. But the time called for strong remedies: the harvest was ready, and the reapers were at hand. The history of the movement will be told in succeeding volumes. This leaves Wesley embarked for Germany; on his return the evangelisation of England was to be taken in hand.

ALIVE OR DEAD?*

IN Colonel Patterson's book on a sporting expedition in British East Africa there is an excellent and significant sentence. He has been describing one of those scenes which are the delight of the African traveller, and amply repay him for all the fevers, dysentery, and other discomforts which usually attend his journey. One moonlight night he had come upon sixteen rhinos standing round a waterhole, roaring at each other and struggling in their efforts to get a drink. For two hours he watched them quite close at hand. "I could easily," he continues:—

"I could easily have picked off half a dozen of them with my rifle, and some of them had very fine horns, but, of course, I had no intention whatever of molesting them. They were much more interesting alive than dead, and I never for a moment entertained the thought of disturbing their concert by firing my rifle."

"They were much more interesting alive than dead." Once, also in Central Africa, the present writer was encamped near a dry river-bed where a family of elephants came at night, and the parents, thrusting their trunks deep into the gravel, found water still running below the surface. Then what trumpeting, what baths, and ecstasy of drink! Next morning all the river-bed was trampled with huge and lesser footprints, like oval maps embossed on the sand. The whole scene is a joy to remember. But if the writer had "picked off" two or three of the family, where would have been the joy? Rotting carcases for a few days, white skeletons still lying on the gravel, and perhaps an ivory tusk or so to adorn his ancestral hall, if he had one; but no memory except of death and blood and the sudden interruption of almost perfect happiness.

"Much more interesting alive than dead"—it is like saying that a strong man is more active than a corpse, and yet Colonel Patterson seems to mention it as something of a discovery. To sportsmen like him, indeed, it is a paradox. What usually interests them, next to the act of killing, is the dead thing—the skin torn from the flesh, the head hewn off at the neck, and scooped out from inside, so that at last it may be "mounted" by a London stuffer, and with bits of glass stuck in the eye-sockets, dabs of paint smeared on the nostrils, and a coat of varnish on the horns, it may slowly decay suspended above a doorway until the servant complains that it harbors moth. That is the "trophy"—the object for which the sportsman sports. No one who has known wild animals would call the putrefying relic beautiful; no one who has known a cat or a rabbit alive would call it interesting. Its only value is to reflect a vainglory on the man who killed it, and to afford him the opportunity of boreing his friends with stories of its death.

Sportsmen like Colonel Patterson and, we suppose, like Mr. Roosevelt, who has gone killing animals under the pretext of collecting "trophies" for museums, are queer

* "In the Grip of the Nyika." By Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

survivals of an age when the slaughter of wild beasts was sometimes protective, sometimes a necessity for food, and always difficult. Except for the sake of the slaughter, a sportsman has now no need to risk danger or hunger, and though his sport is still sometimes difficult, the odds are so strong on his side that no judge in a prize-ring would allow such a contest to come off. To be sure, Colonel Patterson is not one of the amateur butchers who kill all they see, like boys "yacking" for birds along both sides of a hedge. He abides by the "laws of honor" in sport, and if he thinks he has killed enough of one kind of animal he does not kill any more. We know, also, from his earlier book that he once cleared a place of two man-eating lions, and there is no question of his nerve and resource whether in killing lions, rhinos, or buffalo (and it is difficult to decide which of the three can be the most dangerous animal in its rage). What is more, during part of this journey he was officially engaged in tracing a reserve frontier. But still his object in visiting the wilds again was to obtain the pleasure of killing animals and securing "trophies." It is one of the contradictions in man's nature that people who feel a kind of affection for the wild creatures so rapidly vanishing from the world should find a strange delight in hastening their extinction.

Colonel Patterson is partly aware of this contradiction, and at times he tries to explain his action with the usual sporting excuse; as when he writes:—

"It always makes me feel unhappy to see a beast die, especially if he has made a good fight for his life, as this one (a kongoni) did. Of course, if the animal is killed outright at the first shot, he is dead before he can realise what is happening, and can feel little or no pain. If, however, the shot merely breaks a leg and the animal goes off limping, all my sympathy is aroused, and I am not easy in my mind again until the poor beast has been put out of its misery."

He then goes on to show that beasts of prey are sometimes more cruel than men, and quotes the case of a hyena which was found eating a wounded, but living, gazelle. Similarly the present writer once found his dog eating a living duiker which had run two miles with a broken leg before the dog caught it. But the point is, not that dogs and hyenas are cruel in their killing, but that the sportsman has no need to kill the creatures at all, whether cruelly or kindly. Of course, one sometimes kills for food, but the sportsman kills for "trophies." That is his object. He goes, in Colonel Patterson's sporting language, because he is "anxious to bag a rhino," or is "desperately keen on shooting an eland" (that large and beautiful antelope, almost as quiet as a cow). Sometimes the sport involves pain as well as death, as when a bullet "planted somewhere in the anatomy" of a rhino "gave him a sudden distaste for our society," and the wounded creature went away, probably to die in great misery; or when a lady of the party wounded a wildebeeste that could not be found; or when, again, an eland, "the instant he felt the lead, gave a kick and a buck" and ultimately fell from a precipice as he ran away. His horns, we are told, ranked second to the best on record. But the real question is, not whether the killing of these wild and usually harmless animals is painful or quick, but why it should be done at all when most sportsmen will regret their extermination, and they are "so much more interesting alive than dead."

It is useless to plead that the extermination is certain anyhow. Because a crime will be committed, that is no reason for becoming a criminal, and since the introduction of the rifle, the slaughter of big game in Africa has become little better than a crime. Natives and rinderpest have done much harm, but the sportsman kills only for pleasure or for vanity, and yet when all Africa is an empty waste, such as the Orange State and Transvaal are now, though they swarmed with animals a generation ago, the sportsman will be the loudest in his lamentations and regrets for the good old times. A kind of blindness or stupidity appears to possess him when he thinks of "game." Colonel Patterson, for instance, tells us quite interesting things about some of the tribes and regions he visited, and he often has something good to say about animals, unless he wants to kill them; but then he only talks of death—an uninteresting subject, as he admits. He is a good photographer, and enjoys a stalk with a camera. Why should he not devote himself to securing photographic "trophies"? They are as hard and dangerous to obtain as mouldering heads, and

of incomparably greater interest. One has heard of that sporting nobleman who went stalking with a photographer in Somaliland, and was almost overcome by two difficulties: first, to get the lion to sit; secondly, to get the photographer to stand. But the results were, at all events, finer than the average sportsman's, and the excitement at least as great, both to himself and the photographer.

TIME AND CLOCKS.*

THE author of this book is a man of science with a genius for construction, and few people are better qualified to discourse on the subject of which it treats. His aim is stated at the end of the book: "I have endeavored not merely to give a description of clocks and various apparatus for measuring time, but to explain the fundamental principles of mechanics which lie at the root of the subject." Hence a great portion (perhaps too much) of the work is occupied with things which are usually expounded in elementary treatises on dynamics, and have not a very direct bearing on the subject. Incidentally, however, the interest of the reader, who is assumed to be youthful, is secured by a diagrammatic representation of Dante's Earth, Hell, and Heaven, the position of Jerusalem as the centre of the world, the garden of Eden, the tortuous path to Purgatory, &c., ideas the absurdity of which has not prevented their survival in the twentieth century.

Modern science makes us acquainted with constructions of human skill much more subtle and wonderful than clocks and watches; nevertheless, these still hold their own as the type of human ingenuity, and there are few of us who can refrain from inexpressible wonder on beholding a clock, such as that of Strassburg, which indicates at once the hour of the day, the day of the week, the month, the position of the sun in the ecliptic, the date of Easter, and many other things.

Familiarity with the everyday things that belong to our civilisation renders it extremely difficult for men to appreciate the amount of thought and labor which mankind had to employ in order to construct the simplest things which we now regard as necessities. Let anyone who wishes to become conscious of his utter ignorance and helplessness pause and ask himself the question "If civilisation were destroyed, how much of it could I reconstruct?" The answer would probably give him a greater respect for the achievements of palaeolithic men.

Mr. Cunynghame's book is not merely, or even chiefly, a description of clocks and watches as they now are, but a very interesting history of the attempts of men to construct an accurate time-measurer—an attempt, by the way, in which, strictly speaking, they have not yet succeeded. By far the most accurate clock that we know is the earth itself, whose time of revolution on its axis has certainly not altered by the one-hundredth part of a second since the time of Ptolemy—i.e., in nearly 1800 years.

The earliest clocks were probably sun-dials, whose defects during the day are obvious enough, and which are useless after sunset. It was to supply a measure of time during the night that the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans adopted the ingenious device of a water-clock. Anything that does something regularly, that is, in equal time intervals, will serve as a clock. Besides the rotation of the earth on its axis, do we know any occurrence that takes place at absolutely regular intervals of time? There are very few such, and still fewer over which we have any control. Even the water-clock, which measured equal intervals of time by the flow of a fixed volume of water through a fine tap from a large cylinder, is very inaccurate for several reasons; but there is one very simple phenomenon which makes a very close approximation to regularity and is easily controlled—namely, the time of oscillation of a simple pendulum, provided that the arc through which the bob is displaced is not large; and, moreover, the time (for a given length of pendulum) will be the same, however small the arc of oscillation may be; in other words, nothing depends on the size of this arc, provided the magnitude does not exceed a certain limit.

* "Time and Clocks: A Description of Ancient and Modern Methods of Measuring Time." By H. H. Cunynghame, M.A., C.B., M.I.E.E. Constable. 2s. 6d.

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PHILIP LEE WARNER, Publisher to The Medici Society, Ltd., 38, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

Clearly, this fact makes the pendulum a most desirable time-measurer. The world had to wait for Galileo to discover this simple truth; and Mr. Cunynghame relates how Galileo discovered it by observing the swinging of the chandeliers in the cathedral of Pisa, timing the gradually dying swings with his pulse-beats, and observing that the feeble swing took the same time as the more amplified original one.

Hence, if we can keep a pendulum freely swinging, we can make a clock; the fixing of hands which will go round quickly or slowly presents no mechanical difficulty; but how are we to keep the pendulum freely swinging without subjecting it either to the continuous disturbance of friction or to ill-timed blows which will interfere with the constancy of its time of swing?

What is so marked a merit of Mr. Cunynghame's book, as compared with the usual exposition of this clock pendulum motion given in ordinary treatises on the subject, is the clear way in which he deals with the difficulty that the motion of the pendulum must be maintained and its time of free swing not interfered with. This fundamental point is almost invariably glossed over, so that the student does not appreciate the advantage of one kind of escapement over another, or understand the conditions that must be satisfied by a perfect escapement.

Mr. Cunynghame is strong in his praise of the now somewhat rare "grandfather" clock, whose merit as an accurate time-keeper he shows to be much greater than that of the American clocks, which, with very short pendulums, can never keep good time; but it is, at any rate, a great satisfaction to know that, owing to modern means of construction, "we can now have a better watch for 30s. than we could have got for £30 twenty years ago."

We have but two suggestions to offer to the author. Nothing could be better than the clear way in which he distinguishes the *mass* of a body from its *weight*, and thereby saves his reader from speaking of the *weight* of the earth or of the sun—a supremely absurd expression; but we could wish him to cease from speaking of an "accelerating force" when he means simply an "acceleration": all forces are accelerating forces. Again, in some cases the lettering of his figures does not agree with the description in the text, and the name "Attwood" should be Atwood. However, he has given us an interesting and suggestive book, and no doubt many of his boy-readers will be fascinated by his egg-boiling machine, his arrangement for expelling heavy sleepers from their beds, and his sound and humorous advice about tools and apparatus.

THE HAPPY ENDING.*

A CURIOUS enquirer might possibly receive a very brisk reply to the question: "Why are the great majority of novels furnished with a happy ending?" The probable answer would be that the public liked it, and that the publisher took care that the public's wishes should be respected. But, after all, this response, true as far as it goes, does but leave us in the outer courts of the mystery; for we must inevitably go on to ask: "Why does the public like a happy ending?" And the question is by no means easy of solution. The reason, perhaps, lies in very deep places; it may be traced back both to the pessimism and optimism which are inherent in man. With few exceptions we are ill at ease in Zion or Babylon—we have, most of us, an unhappy feeling that we are round pegs placed in the square holes of this mortal life; and consciously or unconsciously we cannot help believing that somehow or other the square holes will be eventually made round, here or hereafter. But in actual life the square hole often seems to become more and more angular, more and more rigid, and so we take refuge in the rectifications of art, in the formula—"so they were married and lived happily ever after"—tasting in those two last words the joys of eternal bliss.

It is not very surprising, then, that the six books under

* "Cut Off from the World." By Frank T. Bullen. Unwin. 6s.
"Faces in the Mist." By John A. Steuart. Clarke. 6s.
"The Food of Love." By F. Frankfort Moore. Nash. 6s.
"The Upper Hand." By Mrs. Frederick Dawson. Richards. 6s.
"A Simple Savage." By G. B. Burgin. Hutchinson. 6s.
"Beatrice the Sixteenth." By Irene Clyde. Bell. 3s. 6d.

notice all have their share in this adventure of happiness. Mr. Bullen's "Cut Off from the World" ends with all that is crooked made straight, the hero happily married, and wealth in showers for all who deserve it. The story, which is modern enough in all conscience, is yet founded on a most ancient formula, known to Mr. Nutt and the folklorists as the "Exile and Return" motive. It is probable enough that the author has never heard of "Exile and Return"—which is the basis of the Arthurian legend of Percival, of "Roderick Random" and "Nicholas Nickleby"—yet his hero who goes forth from the dull suburban home, from somewhat contemptuous relations, and from the toil of a city clerk, and sails over all the seas, and meets with adventures and misfortunes innumerable, and ends, as has been said, in a blaze of prosperity, is clearly a remote relation of the more ancient heroes who have been cited. The story is simply, even childishly, told, and yet one likes it all the better for its simplicity: it is written much as the strenuous and unlearned Jemmy Tenison, the hero, would have written it. And, of course, all the technique of the deep, of the tramp steamer, and of the liner, is absolutely good and convincing.

"Faces in the Mist" is another "Exile and Return" story with a happy ending. Here you have the last scion of an ancient Highland family fallen on sorry days, on the contempt of richer neighbors, restoring the fortune of the house through the medium of an American heiress. There is the villain, Lord Benbreck, who thwarts and wrongs Chisholm even to the last chapter; there are adventures on northern crags, and amongst the brigands and the mountains of Syria. And the final ruin of Benbreck is awful and complete, and the triumph of the hero entirely satisfactory. The story, it will be seen, is conventional; the American millionaire and his wife, the sneering villain, and the faithful retainer, show us faces that are typical rather than individual; we have met them or their near relations in many previous readings. But "Faces in the Mist" is pleasant reading enough.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has more skill in the play of words than Mr. Steuart or Mr. Bullen. Apart from the plot, which is deftly contrived, there are some excellent things in "The Food of Love." There are one or two chapters that remind one of that terrible period in the life of "The Beloved Vagabond" when the Paragot of the Parisian cafés, of floods of absinthe, and of strange acquaintances, tried, for a brief season, to be an English country gentleman. There are, no doubt, county families and county families; music, and letters, and painting, are not without appreciation in many houses where evening dress is a matter of course. But it is to be feared that Mr. Moore has not exaggerated the gross stupidity and barbarism that are apt to accompany a taste for "shootin'" and "huntin'"; and his book opens with a terrible show of "county" females who have come to console with Mrs. Neverne on the fact that her son, Maurice, has gained an European reputation as a 'cellist. And one of these ladies proposes to "bring out" Maurice and his teacher, Herr Griesbach, at a village concert; the master being a person in somewhat the same position as the late Abbé Liszt! It is good to read the great Griesbach's rebuke of this barbarous woman. But one would like to know the writer's authority for assigning the Austrian National Anthem to J. S. Bach. It has usually been attributed to Haydn.

In "The Upper Hand" we have a sensational story of society. The heroine, Fricka—childish mispronunciation of Frederica—enters on the scene of Park Lane, driving in a smart motor-car to see her friend, Lady Mabel Johnson. Fricka is horribly bedizened. She was

"Very pretty from the top of her head, with its naturally curling dark hair twisting about her ears in tiny tendrils, to her little feet in the narrowest and smallest of absurd walking-shoes, in which no woman could possibly walk. She was dressed all in cream, with just a hint of pale blue showing here and there under lace insertion and beneath the broad leaf of a big shady hat, round the crown of which one long white ostrich feather curled."

And the motor-car was cream, lined with deep red leather, and the pet dog, Tony, was "adorned with a large blue satin bow under his ear—a blue of the exact shade of Fricka's trimmings." But there are better things than this in the book. There is an excellent episode of cheating at Bridge, there is a warning given to the cheat by a

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The "Nottingham Daily Guardian."

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The "Eastern Morning News."

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The "New Age."

Mr. Norman Angell is to be congratulated on having written a book which will slowly and steadily affect the political outlook of Europe. . . . Trade nowadays has no relation to strength of armaments. . . . German Three per Cent., as Mr. Angell points out, stand at 82, but Belgian reach 96. Russian Three and a Half per Cent. are only 81, as compared with Norwegian 102.

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One thing is certain, that this view of the question is almost universally ignored. . . . It may be patent to a few leading financiers and traders, but knowledge of the true condition of affairs is lacking amongst the general public. . . . This argument does not depend upon Exeter Hall platitudes about the beauties of Peace. It depends on self-interest. If Mr. Angell's suggestive arguments are well founded, and I think his chief argument, at any rate, is, Europe is really the victim of a terrible illusion. We are burning witches when there is no such thing as a witch. We are using the catchwords and phrases and shibboleths of an age which is passing, if it has not already passed.

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An able plea for a complete revision of certain political ideas in the light of modern facts.

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Has much to say that deserves consideration.

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A thoughtful treatise.

mysterious Zulu at a fancy-dress ball, there is a hero lying under unjust suspicion of murder, and a blackmailing villain of a South African Jew. Fricka, after much misadventure, is made happy by the hero—who is, of course, the Zulu. And “her trousseau was ‘a dream.’”

Someone, cited by Mr. Andrew Lang, confessed that, though he loved Dickens with all his heart, “Ralph Nickleby was a bit too steep for him.” The writer cannot agree with this opinion; it would be as unjust to say that the Dragon slain by St. George is “too steep”; but he is willing to confess that Detmold Byng, the villain of Mr. Burgin’s “Simple Savage,” is for him somewhat precipitous. Mr. Byng is an aged man about town, and his decay is that of an over-ripe and abandoned Stilton, his badness is awful to contemplate, and the risks he ran in the cause of villainy would have made the late Charles Peace tremble. Needless to say, the machinations of Detmold Byng, though troublesome enough while they last, do no permanent damage to the happiness of hero and heroine. There is something of the occult in the structure of the story; but it is doubtful whether the “Spirit of the Air” and the “Spirit of the Stars” lend very valuable assistance. The singular power possessed by Millicent might have been obtained through more convincing agencies.

Mary Hatherley, M.B., while travelling in Syria, received a kick from a camel which stretched her senseless. She came to herself, and found that her Arab escort had disappeared, and that unknown figures were standing round her. These figures conducted the lady explorer to the great city of Alzona, the inhabitants of which spoke a kind of bastard Latin. Mary Hatherley, being a learned lady, was able with some difficulty to understand and to make herself understood, and the strange people received her with the utmost hospitality, and allotted her a comfortable apartment. And on the first night of her arrival Mary, regarding the heavens, saw that the stars were totally unfamiliar to her. They were of neither hemisphere! And the question for the reader is: Where was Alzona, and how had the traveller reached it? It would be unfair to give away the secret of a highly ingenious device; but it seems a pity that the author of “Beatrice the Sixteenth,” who possesses a very pretty talent for the marvellous, should have devoted the greater part of her book to an elaborate and somewhat unkind satire on feminism.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

A LONG and very varied experience, and, what is of equal importance, a knowledge of vernacular Turkish are an equipment which secures respect for any book about the Turks. Captain A. E. Townshend in “A Military Consul in Turkey” (Seeley, 16s. net) writes primarily for those who know little or nothing of the country. There are chapters on travelling, on inns and tents and food, on officials and on soldiers, which convey a good deal of accurate information. Politics are only incidental to the book, and its most readable pages are the anecdotes of travel and consular life. The illustrations show an eye for the picturesque and some skill in handling the camera. For the rest the point of view is frankly one of a rather comprehensive scepticism. The author delights in stories of the rottenness of the *régime* that is gone, but he has little faith in the omens of the new order. He has no favorites or protégés among the non-Turkish races, and writes of them very much from the outside, but not on the whole unfairly. The book has no conspicuous literary merits and no very definite political purpose to serve, but it has its value as a direct and honest personal record.

THE reader of Mr. Robert Ross’s “Masques and Phases” (Humphreys, 5s. net) will readily allow that it has wit, keen critical perception, and a dash of cynicism, though whether he will discover the “vein of high seriousness” which the author claims is open to question. We presume that Mr. Ross is most serious in his essays on Aubrey Beardsley and Simeon Solomon, and in the lecture, “There is no decay,” which ends the volume. Mr. Ross, in reaction against the tendency to depreciate contemporary genius, holds that the present age is quite as good as the past, and points

to Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Shannon, and others for proof of his contention. These names are hardly as conclusive as Mr. Ross believes, and something further is needed to convince us that in intellectual and artistic matters we are progressing continually and continuously. For our own part we like those parts of the book best in which we can detect least seriousness, and we would cite “The Brand of Isis” as a model of pleasant banter. Two stories, “The Case at the Museum” and “The Lost Book of Jasher,” are excellent studies of the psychology of the *savant*. Mr. Ross always writes with distinction, and his book is of the kind to be enjoyed with one’s feet on the fender.

* * *

THE lady who called herself “Arvède Barine” has enriched French literature with a number of historical biographies of the highest excellence, and the translator of her posthumous volume “Madame, Mother of the Regent” (Putnam’s, 12s. 6d.) rightly lays stress on her “great charm of style and her extraordinary powers of psychological observation.” The present work was not completed at the time of Arvède Barine’s death, though all of it but the last chapter had been written, and this has been composed with the help of notes and documents found among her papers. Elisabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, the heroine of the biography, was the daughter of Carl Ludwig, Elector of the Palatinate, and, much against her will, became, at the age of nineteen, the second wife of Philippe, the brother of Louis XIV. She hated France and made many enemies at the French Court, among them Madame de Maintenon, whom she called “a wicked beast,” and whose influence over the King caused her a great deal of jealousy. Her relations with Louis were upon the whole cordial, though she bitterly resented his determination to marry her son, the future Regent, to Mademoiselle de Blois. The description of how she received news of the engagement is one of the most telling passages in Saint-Simon. On the death of the Duc of Orleans, Madame, to the surprise of most people, continued to live in France until her death in 1722. Madame’s character lends itself to the psychological method of Arvède Barine. Her outspoken and resolute nature was but ill-suited to the artificiality of the Court of Versailles, nor did the Rabelaisian frankness of her comments on all that she disliked tend to make her a favorite. In later years she sank into melancholy. “I am so accustomed to sadness,” she wrote, “that I bear it better than others do; with me, sorrow has been like poison to Mithridates.” She was an indefatigable letter-writer, expressing herself with a bluntness and, often, a want of refinement, such as are permitted only to exalted personages. The book has been well translated by Madame Charles Bigot.

* * *

“BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA,” by Mrs. Maude M. Holbach (Lane, 5s. net) is the animated account of a tour through two small States which assumed a sudden importance in the British mind at the time of their recent annexation by Austria. Mrs. Holbach travelled northwards from Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, to Jayce and Banjaluka; then, turning to the south-east, to Sarajevo, made the Bosnian capital the base for a series of excursions. She visited Foca, and penetrated as far as Plevlje, and, as her journey to the latter town synchronised with its evacuation by the Austrian troops, she witnessed many interesting scenes. The book is full of fresh and enthusiastic descriptions of town, country, and people, and the jaded tourist who has had enough of the ordinary Continental routes, and is on the look-out for a new field to explore, will do well to study its pages. Considering that the journey was undertaken at a time of political excitement, the author is wonderfully free from political bias. However, she bears witness to the good work done by the Austrian Government during their period of occupation, and she appears to have been decidedly impressed by the good-will shown by Austrian officials towards her party and herself at a time when the English newspapers were severely criticising Austria’s action. The strategic importance of Bosnia and Herzegovina is dealt with lightly but effectively, and, modest as is the book’s ostensible aim, it is a fresh and by no means unimportant contribution to the study of Near

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"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Office, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1909.

